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SECRETARY STIMSON did the right thing at the right moment when he reminded Russia and China that they were under pledge as signatories of the Kellogg Pact to settle their dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway by peaceful means. War over such a justiciable dispute is foolish in any case and it is doubly inexcusable just after the quarreling nations have signed an agreement to renounce armed force as a method of action. The uneasy suspense after the seizure of the Chinese Eastern by Manchurian authorities reveals how inadequate our present international machinery is for handling such a crisis. Russia, being outside of the League of Nations, cannot be expected to obey its mandates, and since the United States does not recognize the Soviet Government we can communicate with Russia officially only through a third party. Otherwise the United States would be the logical nation to arbitrate the present dispute, because we have almost no interests in Manchuria and our government played so important a role during the war in saving the Chinese Eastern from Japanese conquest. Fortunately the latest reports from Nanking indicate that the Nationalists will consent to refer the dispute to the League of Nations. Chiang Kai-shek's manifesto of July 21 bristled with combative phrases, while the statement of the Russian Commissar of Railroads, Jan Rudzutak, to the New York *Times* in Moscow, is the most hopeful declaration made by officials of either government:

> Unless and until the Chinese or the White Guards attack us, no single Russian soldier will set foot on Chinese territory. . . . Our signature of the Kellogg Pact was not just a diplomatic gesture. . . . No other country ever received such provocation as we have received from the Chinese. But we shall not fight unless our country is invaded.

THE TROUBLE with such a pledge is that it is almost impossible to observe when hostile armies are mobilized and facing each other. A wild rumor of aggression by one side may start a general attack—and this is particularly likely in Manchuria. The Chinese, however, have liberated the Soviet consular and railroad officials and allowed them to go home in safety, while Foreign Minister C. T. Wang insists that "it is absolutely incorrect to infer that we have nullified Russian interests in the railway." The Russians, after their first abrupt ultimatum, apparently decided that abruptness is bad diplomacy. The rather ludicrous fact about the whole Far Eastern situation is that while the Western Powers hate Soviet Russia they cannot sanction the rude displacement of the Russians and still cling to their own possessions in China. The Soviet Government has offended against China by Communist propaganda, but otherwise her policy has been more generous than that of other Powers. Japan has a whole army in Manchuria and a railroad of her own which was taken from China by force and is held by force; most of the Powers have extraterritorial rights; Great Britain and France have concessions and navies; and even the United States has troops on the Peking-Tientsin railway line. Since Russia has had no troops, concessions, or extraterritorial rights in China, the Chinese seizure of a jointly controlled commercial railway which was already policed by Chinese troops is suggestive of the Biblical phrase about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

FRANCE HAS FINALLY AGREED to the arrangement for paying her war debt to the United States which was made between Secretary Mellon and Ambassador Bérenger in 1926. Under extreme pressure from the Poincaré Government the Chamber of Deputies voted for ratification without reservations, although only by the narrow margin of eight votes and not until a separate resolution had been adopted declaring that the annuities on the debt should be met exclusively from German reparations. As the Cabinet has further agreed to a special ways-and-means law to make this resolution effective, it is obvious that France gives plain notice that payments on her debt will stop if there is any hitch in the Young Plan. Even so we are a little sorry that France has ratified the Mellon-Bérenger agreement at this time. She was clearly justified in waiting for the international acceptance of the Young Plan, and if she had simply ignored the special post-war debt due on August 1 there was nothing which the United States could or would have done about it. But the pressure of gold is irresistible.

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France has been more independent in her attitude toward the American debt than any other nation, but her spirit was finally crushed by the fear of what might happen to her national credit if she stood out any longer against the demands of the richest country in the world.

AMERICANS CAN TAKE little satisfaction in France's capitulation. Practically no Frenchman feels that the debt is morally owing to the United States, and although the annuities will never be noticed in our finances, every instalment will be paid with a feeling of bitterness in France. We shall pay many times over in lost friendship for the tribute we have exacted, though even if paid in full over the whole sixty-two years it will cover only a part of the sum which is mathematically due us. In order to obtain ratification a great flood of sentimental oratory was let loose by the Poincaré Government, reminiscent of what America did for France in the war. Behind this, though, the real feeling of Frenchmen appeared, as in the address of Edouard Herriot, former prime minister. It was right, he said, that signatures be respected, but what about the signature of an American President to the Treaty of Versailles? And further: "A whole year elapsed between the time the United States entered the war as belligerents and the time they became combatants. During that year their gold was the only arm they provided in the common cause." Recalling that between 1914 and 1928 America had loaned more than $13,000,000,000 to Europe, Herriot concluded:

> That is the disturbing situation which calls for organization in Europe if we are to hold our own. I do not say that the intentions of the lenders are aggressive. It is just making phrases to say that the imperialism of gold has succeeded to the imperialism of the sword. But quite fairly one may say that the tumultuous use of the youthful force of the United States may, without wishing to be so, appear menacing.

THE DECISION OF JUDGE KNOX, of the United States District Court in New York City, denying the right of the Federal Trade Commission to see the books of the Electric Bond and Share Company, if it stands, will be a serious handicap to the commission in its effort to dig down to the bottom of the power business. Judge Knox held that the individual officers of the company must answer "pertinent and competent questions" propounded to them by the commission, but that the demand of that body for production of the books and records had not yet been proved reasonable. Unless and until the commission's powers are enlarged, as Judge Knox suggests may constitutionally be done by Congress, it has the power, he holds, to require the production of such books and documents only as have become evidentiary. The case is not an easy one, and the protection of private business against a fishing expedition is at least understandable, but we cannot help regretting the effect of the decision in the present case, where public interests are so much greater than private and the formulation of a wise policy demands the widest possible public knowledge of the facts of the power business. Private rights once more stand in the way of public well-being. Meanwhile we have just had an example of the effects of publicity. The *Editor and Publisher* devoted its leading article on July 13 to the announcement made by the International Paper and Power Company of its purpose to dispose of its newspaper holdings, thus bringing to an end what this organ of the newspaper world calls "one of the most audacious and ambitious commercial schemes ever evolved around the American press."

BROKERS' LOANS have reached a new peak of $5,813,000,000, some $20,000,000 more than the previous high point, attained on March 20, and the stock market is again on the rampage. Wall Street bankers are saying that the Federal Reserve Board's campaign to restrict stock-market borrowing has collapsed, in less than six months since its inception. It seems a long time since the days, away back in 1913, when the professors of economics were instructing their students, reasonably enough, that the passage of the Federal Reserve Act was going to keep the country's funds out of Wall Street and put them into productive enterprise. The board has been criticized fairly for timidity and tardiness in its manipulation of the rediscount rate, but it has an enormously complex task. It wants to help stabilize prices so far as it reasonably can; but it can't choke off the speculators without strangling productive business at the same time, and if it none the less raises the rate in the effort, then it may only draw in gold from other countries and embarrass business there. Most of us in this country, as in every other, work for a living, but a small number of the get-rich-quick fraternity find it easier and more profitable to get theirs out of the larger but less skilful number of the same community on the stock market, and those of us who work pay the overhead. As long as the game shows its present profits and men like gambling better than work, the Federal Reserve Board will have its hands full checking speculation.

BOOTLEGGING does not involve moral turpitude, according to a decision in the United States Circuit Court by Judges Learned Hand, Thomas Swan, and A. N. Hand. The ruling was made in the case of an Italian whose deportation was sought on the ground that he had been convicted of bootlegging and was therefore guilty of moral turpitude. (Moral turpitude, it will be remembered, was invoked in an attempt to keep out the Countess Cathcart some years ago because she was reported to have broken her marriage vow—a turpitude which, like pacifism, we allow only among our native-born citizens.) Thus prohibition has presented us with another paradox. Violation of the prohibition statutes was made a felony by Senator Jones's law. Yet bootlegging—the worst violation possible—is not turpitude.

> Probably many persons in the United States would so regard the sale and possession of liquor [the opinion states], but the question as to whether it is so regarded by the public conscience is nebulous at best. While we must not substitute our personal notions as the standard, it is impossible to decide at all without some standard, necessarily based on conjecture as to what the people generally feel.
>
> We cannot say that among our commonly accepted *mores* the sale and possession of liquor as yet occupies so grave a place, nor can we close our eyes to the fact that large numbers of persons, otherwise reputable, do not think so, rightly or wrongly.

These distinguished judges apparently feel no obligation to keep up with the Joneses.

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SENATOR CARAWAY thinks that George W. Wickersham ought to withdraw from President Hoover's commission on law enforcement because of the letter to Governor Roosevelt on prohibition. But what does he say of Judge Kenneth Mackintosh of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, another member of the commission? Judge Mackintosh wrote a memorable letter too, and although it was penned ten years ago the author, so far as we are aware, has never expressed regret or made amends for it. The letter was written just after the Armistice Day parade in Centralia, Washington, in 1919, in the course of which a group of the marchers attacked the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World. In consequence of a bitter quarrel between the lumber interests and the I. W. W., the hall had been raided and furniture and papers thrown in the street the year previous, so this time the men inside defended themselves with firearms, and four of the attacking party were mortally wounded. Wholesale arrests were made, and that night the lights in the city went out just long enough to allow a mob to enter the jail. The mob took out one of the prisoners, Wesley Everest, mutilating and then hanging him from the girders of a bridge. Two days later the following letter was written:

KENNETH MACKINTOSH, JUDGE

THE SUPREME COURT, STATE OF WASHINGTON
Olympia

November 13, 1919

George Dysart, Esq.,
Centralia, Washington

My Dear Dysart:

I want to express to you my appreciation of the high character of citizenship displayed by the people of Centralia in their agonizing calamity. We are all shocked by the manifestation of barbarity on the part of the outlaws, and are depressed by the loss of lives of brave men, but at the same time are proud of the calm control and loyalty to American ideals demonstrated by the returned soldiers and citizens. I am proud to be an inhabitant of a State which contains a city with the record which has been made for Centralia by its law-abiding citizens.

Sincerely,
KENNETH MACKINTOSH

AFTER A FARCICAL TRIAL one of the Centralia defendants was incarcerated as insane, while seven were found guilty of murder in the second degree and, in spite of a recommendation for leniency from the jury, were sentenced to terms of from twenty-five to forty years in prison. A new trial was asked for, but it is not odd that it was refused by a Supreme Court one of the members of which had found in the events of Armistice Day—and night—reason to commend the "calm control" of Centralia and its "law-abiding citizens." Though the highest court of the State could see nothing amiss with the trial, five of the jurors have repudiated the verdict and seven have joined in a petition asking for the release of the eight imprisoned men—so far without success. We do not know whether President Hoover knew of Judge Mackintosh's letter when he appointed him to the commission on law enforcement. We do not know that Judge Mackintosh's fellow-members on the commission know of it, or what they think about him if they do. But we do feel that in the light of the letter many Americans will have a little less than no regard for any conclusions which the author may formulate in regard to obtaining greater reverence for law. The Sacco-Vanzetti executions, the continuing imprisonment of Mooney and Billings, the refusal to pardon the Centralia victims and the scandalous attitude of a judge of the State Supreme Court toward the tragedy—these facts, when contrasted with the acquittal of Doheny and Sinclair and the failure to try ex-Secretary Fall, make it hard even for those who are most eager to respect our processes of justice to do so.

IN THE DEATH on July 21 of John Cotton Dana, "first citizen of Newark," the United States loses one of the very foremost of its liberal leaders. A native of Vermont and a graduate of Dartmouth, obliged by ill health to spend his young manhood in a variety of occupations, among which he specially valued his experience as a surveyor in Colorado, he entered library work in 1889, and after serving in Denver and Springfield came to Newark in 1902. Since that time the Newark Public Library has become famous the world over for its extraordinary service as a genuinely educational institution. "The worth of a book is in its use" was one of Mr. Dana's favorite precepts, and his ingenuity in devising was matched only by his liberality in administering methods of getting books and the information they contain into the hands and heads of people of every sort. Founding the Newark Museum in 1909, he followed the same policy of making that institution serve the people, especially of helping them to discover the possibilities of beauty and excellence in the machine products of the day. In theory a philosophical anarchist, he was a free man in thought and action, a constant inspiration to the thousands of men and women who knew him personally and to other hundreds of thousands who knew only his work. He was in the true sense one of the makers of modern America; for the influence of his work has already been felt in the remotest parts of the country, and it will widen and deepen with the years.

SO PROFESSOR GODDARD'S ROCKET didn't get to the moon after all, but as a result of going off all at once, instead of in a series of successive explosions, as all well-behaved rockets should do, came tumbling back to earth with a clatter that brought the police and two ambulances to the Ward farm outside of Worcester. We sympathize with Professor Goddard, but our grief is tempered. If the rocket had gone 338,800 miles farther than it did, those happy beings, who now are not even troubled with an atmosphere that can be superheated in August, would undoubtedly in time have been brought down to earth, as last month's bachelors of arts have already been. They would get acquainted with *Liberty* and the New York *Daily Mirror;* they would learn to read our advertising of cigarettes and beauty creams; they would receive visits from bond salesmen and subscription agents working their way through college; they would have bigger and better automobiles and broader and more brazen loud speakers; their men would wear more clothing and their women less; and doubtless they would soon learn to spend most of their time talking about synthetic gin, the iniquities of prohibition, and the comparative merits of their various bootleggers. Yes, even Professor Goddard must feel that there are compensations for his disappointment.

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Another Sacco-Vanzetti Case?

IT was night-time in a tent colony of cotton-mill strikers on the edge of a Southern town. The men, women, and children who were living in their tents after being evicted from company houses, had heard that the night-shift of the mill from which they had walked out was ready to strike if a demonstration took place in front of the plant. They formed a straggling picket line, led by a woman, and started toward the mill. They never reached it, for gangs of deputy sheriffs and police swooped down on them, broke up the line, and beat the leaders. Angry and bruised they returned to their tents, and their leaders were discussing the formation of a new picket line. At that moment five policemen came to the entrance of their tent colony, where an armed guard was posted to prevent attack. The police had no warrant and two of them have since been indicted for being drunk and disorderly earlier in that same evening. One of the policemen argued with the strikers' guard and wrested his gun from him. Perhaps the guard's gun went off in the tussle; if it did no one was injured by it. Out of the darkness came shots fired from shotguns. They seemed to come from the small building used as union headquarters. The police were struck, one died and two were injured.

Such is the background of the very significant murder case scheduled for trial at Gastonia, North Carolina, during the week of July 29. Fifteen men and women will be brought before a grand jury, indictments will be asked for the murder of Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt, and presumably the trial will take place immediately. We believe that this case is not only one of the most important in American labor history, but that it is exceedingly likely to lead to a miscarriage of justice. The man who shot Chief Aderholt was probably a striker, but no evidence has been produced in preliminary hearings to show that any of the prisoners fired the fatal shot. While the strikers are charged with cold-blooded murder and held without bail, it is not even certain that the man who shot Chief Aderholt committed a crime. American citizens have the legal right to resist a police officer who invades their homes without warrant, except when a felony is taking place there. A Southern correspondent writes us:

> The grimmest tragedy that has ever occurred in America is about to be enacted in this textile mill town of the South, and unless the spotlight of publicity is turned upon the scene, another Sacco-Vanzetti case, magnified many times, will probably take place. If an indictment for murder was all that the defendants had to face, their defense would probably be a simple matter, but, due to the fact that some of them have confessed certain political and religious beliefs and, due to the further fact that all of them have dared and persisted in an attempt to remedy a shameful and intolerable condition that has been forced upon the Southern workers by the greed of the owners of the Southern textile mills, the defense will by no means be simple and, at present, looks almost hopeless.
>
> There can be no question that the mill owners of the State are solidly behind and assisting in every way they can in the prosecution of the strikers because, outside of three lawyers in Charlotte and one lawyer from Asheville, it has been impossible to interest or secure the services of any lawyer of any standing or repute in the State to represent the defense, while the prosecution has hired sixteen lawyers, including every lawyer in Gastonia, and one from an adjoining county who, by the way, happens to be a brother-in-law of the Governor.

In spite of local prejudice, however, the defense will be supplied with good lawyers, notably John R. Neal of Tennessee, chief counsel in the Dayton evolution trial, who has volunteered his services without remuneration. The first thing that the attorneys will demand in case of indictment is a change of venue, and the arguments for transfer to another county are overwhelming. Gaston County has been flooded with anti-Communist propaganda since the beginning of the strike, and no person with enough sense to be a good juryman could possibly have escaped it. After the shooting of Chief Aderholt on June 7 the authorities became hysterical, jailed over fifty strikers who had no known connection with the shooting, arrested a college instructor who was asked by *The Nation* to send in a first-hand report of events, and even warned the chief attorney for the defense that he could not come near the town. An experienced reporter of the conservative Charlotte *Daily News* wrote on July 1:

> Gaston County is desperately near the mood to try a dozen or more malcontents for murder and condemn them by what they think about God, marriage, and the nigger—and the history of the world has shown that on the first and last of these subjects the human race, when it has tried to think, has invariably gone insane.

An analysis of the population of Gaston County in the light of jury regulations shows that the defendants, about half of whom are Northern Communist organizers, will face a more prejudiced venire than Sacco and Vanzetti faced. The county has a population of about 50,000, with 103 textile mills employing about 22,000 workers. Of course, no worker who has ever been connected with the union will be permitted to sit on the jury, and cotton-mill workers of any sort are virtually excluded by the requirement that every juror must own property. Cotton-mill workers in the South live in company houses and almost never own real property. So the jury must be drawn from the few hundred white-collared property owners of the towns, or from the relatively well-to-do farmers who own their own land. Their only source of information concerning the strike has been the newspapers of the county, which have been filled with specific attacks upon the prisoners now on trial. Civic organizations have passed resolutions against these same prisoners and pulpits have rung with denunciations of their "red" doctrine. For Communist organizers who confess, as one of them did in the preliminary hearing, that they actually doubt the existence of God the chance of measured justice before a Gaston County jury seems nil.

We hope that North Carolina will wake up to the gravity of the situation at Gastonia before it is too late. The State and the mill owners will be the ultimate losers if they allow local passion and prejudice to railroad men and women to the electric chair.

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The Wickersham Letter

WHETHER George W. Wickersham was indiscreet in discussing prohibition in advance of the report of the President's commission on law enforcement of which he is the chairman, whether his suggestion was in some sense a trial balloon from the White House, or whether the letter to Governor Roosevelt was made public by mistake seem to us to be inconsequential details. The real question is: What does Mr. Wickersham suggest and is it a good idea?

We find ourselves little short of amazed at the tendency to misunderstand Mr. Wickersham's letter. Or perhaps there is less misunderstanding than conscious or unconscious misconstruction. To us Mr. Wickersham plainly suggests the virtual substitution of local option by States in place of national prohibition. Thus the idea is a considerable concession to Wets and a direct challenge to Drys. And when first published it was apparently received in that light. On the morning when it was printed Senator Walsh of Massachusetts and Representative Britten of Illinois, acknowledged Wets, were quoted in its favor, while the Chicago *Tribune*, a Wet newspaper, said the idea was "worth trying." On the other hand, Representative Volstead and Senator Caraway, stalwart Drys, denounced the suggestion as a betrayal of the prohibition cause.

But at the recently adjourned conference of governors, before whom the letter was read, Mr. Wickersham's proposal was interpreted in a directly contrary way. The Wets in that gathering apparently reached the conclusion that the plan was bad strategy, while the Drys persuaded themselves that it might be interpreted to mean that Mr. Wickersham recommended that the States should actively enforce prohibition *in addition* to the efforts of the national government. This interpretation, emanating from the Governors' conference, seems later to have been largely accepted by the public, although we can see nothing in Mr. Wickersham's letter to justify it. We quote in full Mr. Wickersham's words on prohibition, with his specific recommendation in italics:

> Of course, one of the most serious subjects we must deal with is the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. That measure has written into the Constitution of the United States a prohibition of the importation, manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.
>
> The amendment confers upon the States concurrent jurisdiction with the national government for the enforcement of this measure. Thus far the federal government alone has borne the brunt of enforcement.
>
> It seems to me that the Governors' Conference might well consider approaching the Federal Government on some feasible proposal to share this burden. *If the national government were to attend to preventing importation, manufacture, and shipment in interstate commerce of intoxicants, the State undertaking the internal police regulations to prevent sale, saloons, speakeasies, and so forth, national and State laws might be modified so as to become reasonably enforcible and one great source of demoralizing and pecuniarily profitable crime removed.*
>
> Every State Executive has sworn to support and defend the Constitution of the United States. The Eighteenth Amendment is a part of the Constitution, just as much as any other part of it. Surely it is pertinent to their conference to suggest and consider how they may best carry out their solemn undertaking.

The Constitution forbids the importation, manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Wickersham proposes that the federal government look after the first three prohibitions, leaving the fourth to the States. That is, he would have the federal government patrol the borders to prevent smuggling, suppress illicit stills, and try to stop interstate shipments of liquor. But the whole question of *sale,* that is the control of saloons, speakeasies, and the like, would rest with the individual States.

Can there be any doubt that with conditions as they are this would mean practically State option in regard to prohibition? Mr. Wickersham's words in regard to the support which States owe to the Constitution are merely fine phrases. It is true that States are legally obligated to enforce federal laws as well as their own, even where they are not endowed with "concurrent" authority, as under the Eighteenth Amendment. So is every individual obligated to enforce all laws, State or national, and may be called upon to do so, as when requisitioned for a sheriff's posse. But practically the private individual acts to enforce law only when it is violated in his presence and when he personally *objects to such violation.* And the same attitude is generally taken by States toward federal law. State or city officials take no initiative to carry out the postal laws or prevent smuggling, although they will assist federal officers when asked to do so.

Thus under Mr. Wickersham's plan the States which have prohibition-enforcement acts, and in which public sentiment insists that they be carried out, would attain at least a measure of aridity. States which have no prohibition legislation, or do not want to enforce what they have, would be able to go their own way, free from federal interference at least so far as individual buying and selling of liquor is concerned. Whether or not Mr. Wickersham thinks the States might be allowed to pass laws establishing a more liberal definition of alcoholic liquor is uncertain. Anyhow the Supreme Court would have to decide that, and in practice the point might not be of much consequence.

We do not undertake to say here whether Mr. Wickersham's proposal is wise or not. We do undertake to say what his words plainly set forth and what, in practice, his plan would come to. It certainly would not entirely satisfy either Wets or Drys. Neither can any other plan. Mr. Wickersham's plan is not a scientific solution of the liquor problem; it is not even a strictly honest one. But in the light of ten years' experience with the Volstead Act, and in the midst of the hypocrisy and failure of present methods of enforcement, one is compelled to consider results rather than technique. Intelligent men who are not fanatics recognize that the country is in a serious muddle over prohibition. Mr. Wickersham at least suggests a plausible compromise.

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"O Upright Judge!"

THE danger of arbitrary and unreasonable interference with the freedom of the press through punishment for contempt of court—to which *The Nation* has often called attention—is illustrated afresh in the conviction of Louis B. Seltzer, editor, and Carlton K. Matson, chief editorial writer, of the Cleveland *Press*. The sheriff was about to proceed against a Cleveland race track for permitting betting in violation of the law when an injunction was sought from Judge Frederick P. Walther of the Court of Common Pleas. The judge signed a restraining order unless, it read, the methods of the track were "illegal." In this qualification the judge obviously dodged the only point which it was his business to settle, and upon the advice of the county prosecutor the sheriff closed the track. The Cleveland *Press,* legitimately and reasonably, as it seems to us, said of the injunction: "If it enjoins the sheriff from doing his sworn duty, it is monstrous. If it merely enjoins him from interfering with a legal enterprise, it is ridiculous."

Messrs. Seltzer and Matson were haled before Judge Walther for contempt of court. They were ably defended by Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War under President Wilson. Mr. Baker argued that criticism is contempt only if the case under discussion is pending and if it operates to obstruct justice, neither of which was true in regard to the Cleveland *Press*. The judge sentenced the two men to a fine of $500 each and thirty days in jail. An appeal has been taken, and it hardly seems that His Honor can be upheld, although judges are prone to support one another on questions of contempt, and few convictions are reversed.

In his argument Mr. Baker necessarily sought to justify his clients within the prevailing practices in regard to contempt of court. *The Nation* takes a wider position and attacks the validity and justice of the entire process of contempt. It is a survival of absolutism and the theory of divine right which in a democracy is an anachronism and an atrocity, yet it is used more widely and with fewer limitations in the United States than in any other civilized country. It is a question if it is not a purely usurped power on the part of the courts in direct contravention to the federal Constitution and that of most of the States. The courts evade the guaranties of jury trial for crime by holding that contempt is not a crime and that punishment for it is merely part of their "inherent" right to maintain discipline and obtain obedience to their orders, but they fail to reconcile jail sentences under this theory with the Thirteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution, which forbids involuntary servitude "except as a punishment for crime."

The sound way to proceed against this abuse is through amendments to the various State constitutions, as legislative acts have frequently been nullified by the courts. In place of the dangerous and tyrannical process of contempt we should substitute laws by which disorder in court or obstruction of a judicial decree could be punished in the manner of any other crime. So far as freedom from criticism goes, there is no reason for granting the courts in a democracy any more immunity than the executive and legislative branches have through the laws against libel and slander.

Bremen, Ahoy!

A NEW queen of the seas has appeared. Cutting her way smoothly but irresistibly westward on her maiden trip from Cherbourg to New York, the steamship Bremen of the North German Lloyd developed the greatest speed ever attained by a merchant vessel. For a whole day the Bremen averaged 29.6 knots an hour, 3½ knots faster than the best going of the Mauretania over the same route, and sliced 8 hours, 52 minutes from the Cunarder's westbound record of 5 days, 2 hours, 34 minutes. But even this does not tell the whole story, for a steamship is like an automobile in that it cannot be pushed to its greatest speed until its intricate and wonderful machinery has been running for a while—has become attune and begun to sing in close harmony each part with every other. So the Bremen is likely to travel even faster on later passages than she did on her first, while her sister ship, the Europa—when in commission—may attain still greater speed.

Thus the blue ribbon of the Atlantic goes back to Germany for the first time since 1908, when the Cunard Line, backed by the British Government, sent out the Lusitania and the Mauretania to yank the pennant from the old Deutschland of the Hamburg-American Line. The advent of the "Big Lucy" and the "Big Mary," with their astonishing preeminence in speed, must have seemed too much for rival companies to overcome, and for twenty years developments in steamship building took other directions. First there was the passion for bigness, reaching its climax in the Leviathan and Majestic, and later the trend toward luxury, as emphasized in the Ile de France and some recent Italian liners. In the Bremen and Europa there is a return to speed which, according to promises, British lines will soon attempt to push further.

In aiming at speed the Bremen was built with a bulb stem and a hull so molded as to push the water down rather than to one side, thus avoiding the wave created by most ships to their disadvantage. Air resistance has been cut by making the vessel unusually low and close to the water for her tonnage. The two funnels are short and squat, like those of a motorship, although the Bremen's power is from steam turbines.

But we do not wish to write only in praise of the Bremen. At this moment, when all others are hymning the wonders of this new queen of the seas, we dip our flag in all homage to the Mauretania, from whom after practically twenty years the speed pennant has just been snatched. For the first two years of the lives of the Lusitania and Mauretania the former was slightly faster than her sister. Then the "Big Mary" came to the front and for a score of years has kept up a marvelous series of performances. Twenty years is a long championship in this age of rapid obsolescence, yet the Mauretania has not only held her speed undiminished over all this time, but actually made her record westbound passage less than a year ago! No other steamship in history has had such a long and distinguished preeminence. She may well go down in maritime annals as the greatest creation of brain and tool during the first century of the steamship.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

HATE seems to me an abominable emotion and yet all the new-fashioned psychologists agree that the human animal can't get along without it. In forgiving your enemies there lies the possibility of headaches, neuritis, sleeplessness, and various psychic disorders. Of course the wise men of Vienna may be wrong. Perhaps it is not impossible to be meek and healthy at the same time.

I've got nothing against anger. Any well-regulated person should become angry at times. Only the individual wholly devoid of imagination can go through life completely unruffled. But anger isn't the same thing as hatred. It is a flash of feeling which goes over the dam upon the instant. No man who has expressed his anger with reasonable fluency need go back to it again. Revenge is a form of procrastination. The man who eases his soul by paying off a score at the end of twenty years confesses that he didn't have the nerve or the mental alertness to handle the situation when it lay immediately in front of him.

They say that elephants are very smart because they remember the boy who gave them a plug of tobacco in the summer of 1891 and squirt him with water when he comes around again in the late spring of 1929. I can't see the wisdom in that. The gray-haired gentleman who gets the drenching very possibly has forgotten the tobacco incident. Retribution is singularly ineffective unless both sides are conscious of what it is all about. And after thirty-nine years the victim of the elephant's revenge has probably so much on his conscience that the boyhood practical joke has entirely escaped him. It was stupid of the elephant to take the tobacco in the first place, and still less intelligent for him to devote mental store-room to a grudge when that same space might much better have been employed as an arena for mental effort.

"But," says an elephant who happens to be looking over my shoulder as I write these words, "I didn't get a chance to square up with him when he gave me that tobacco in the summer of 1891. He told me it was chocolate and walked away before I got it into my mouth. After I strangled on it and spat it out he was gone. I looked around and I trumpeted, but he'd skipped. I had to stow away the grudge and store it up until he returned thirty-nine years later with a brown beard and three children."

"Come, come," I say to the elephant severely, "you know as well as I do that we live largely through introverted processes. It wasn't your throat or your trunk which was injured by that plug of tobacco but your ego. I think it ought to have been possible for you to say, 'Oh, he's just a sap,' and dismiss the matter from your mind. No humiliation caused by a thoughtless boy could possibly have been profound to you at your age. The thing became important only because you stored away the memory and treasured it. You had every right to get mad. I admit that. But you tell me you did get mad. The emotion was not suppressed. It came into consciousness and you trumpeted. What more do you want? Nursemaids screamed and children ran from in front of your inclosure in terror. It was an effective expression of your righteous rage. In fact I hold it to be far more dignified and satisfactory than your later enterprise with the dirty water. Then you descended to the level of your adversary. There's not much to choose between foisting tobacco on an elephant and drenching a man who comes to spend a quiet afternoon at the zoo. Please bear in mind what I have said if the situation arises again."

The elephant said he would try not to forget and went away, but I'm not at all sure that I convinced him.

Upon second thought it seemed to me that my advice might have been much shrewder. If ever again I get the ear of that same elephant I plan to add: "I will even go so far as to admit that possibly some dull ache of injured pride might remain even after a good sound trumpeting. The tobacco giver is gone and you can't get at him. This is the place where fantasy should come in. Certainly there must have been some other young man in the circle round about not unlike the miscreant. You could have pretended that he was the guilty party and squirted him with water. You see in my opinion it is better to get square right away even at the expense of the wrong fellow than to waste thirty-nine years in waiting for the right one."

To be sure, and by now we might as well leave the elephant out of it, civilization imposes restraints which we must accept, but not all of them. It is necessary that we should resist the impulse to cleave every skull which invites us to swing the nearest dull blunt instrument. But on the other hand it is silly to remain sewed up to the last notch of buttoned existence as prescribed by the codes we call courtesy and good form.

Let us say, for instance, that I am affronted by Mr. X or Miss Q. I may take the injury smiling and calmly and make no retort, but that is bad business all around unless I am completely insulated by an utter contempt for Mr. X or Miss Q. In that case it may not be necessary for me to display anger. But if we meet on equal terms, then it is up to me not to deceive myself, or them, for that matter. If I do not behave in angry fashion or even admit that I am angry evil consequences will flow. The incident will impair my blood pressure and my digestion and, also, my friendship for Mr. X and Miss Q. Generally I like X. Often I admire Millicent Q, but by holding back from anger when I have every reason to be angry, something permanent may go into my chemistry which will always function whenever I am in the presence of these people. A valuable friendship has been marred because I have made a silly sacrifice to courtesy. What I should say is, "Andrew X, I think you've done a mean and contemptible thing." Or, "Millicent Q, you talk like a half-wit."

And after all of that has been said there is an excellent chance that we can go on being the best of friends. Miss Q may be the sort of person who believes that friendship is a bond which imposes a constant obligation of friendliness. Well, then, the more fool she. Obviously no close relationship can be maintained without pendulumic variation. And certainly the thing to do with grave distaste is to let your anger blaze fast and furiously and subside in embers.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Mr. Dawes in Santo Domingo

By ROY VEATCH

JUST two days before Charles G. Dawes ceased being Vice-President of the United States and became again merely General Dawes, he received a request from President Horacio Vasquez of the Dominican Republic to head a mission of Americans to advise the Dominican Government on administrative matters particularly connected with the national finances. Mr. Dawes accepted with alacrity, and before the end of March had marshaled a commission of twelve and was on his way to the city of Santo Domingo. The commission remained in Santo Domingo for 21 days—and nights; for at least some members of the party worked day and night. It presented a 200-page report to President Vasquez, and withdrew before the report could be translated into Spanish. The commission had been greeted upon arrival with sharp attacks in the Dominican press and murmurings among the populace. There apparently was no way of explaining the presence of so many great and rich Americans in the little republic except by some sinister motives connected with more foreign loans or economic concessions. But Mr. Dawes captured the Latin imagination with his dramatic personality and flattering diplomacy. The report was accepted, and in less than a month the five new laws proposed had been enacted by the legislature, and the chief executive was taking vigorous, almost violent, measures to carry out all the recommendations of the report.

The occasion for President Vasquez's request was a prospective Dominican budget deficit of over four million dollars, due to excessive appropriations and to a cash deficit of $1,631,227 accumulated since 1924. At the same time, economic conditions are not good in the republic, and the tax burden is already heavy. A presidential election is approaching, and recourse to loans or higher taxes would make the present administration unpopular. Therefore President Vasquez took the suggestion of Sumner Welles, unofficial adviser and recently American Commissioner to the Republic, that Mr. Dawes be invited to show the government how to save money.

There was an additional reason for the summoning of the Dawes Commission, one which rose above party lines and gained for the commission the support of all patriotic Dominicans. Their government now enjoys complete freedom from American control, except in financial matters. According to the 1924 Convention between the Dominican and American governments, the collection of customs in the republic is to continue under Americans, appointed by the President of the United States, until such time as the present foreign loans of the government shall be completely paid off. All these loans were issued in the United States. Mr. Dawes spoke of this situation in his address to President Vasquez and the Dominican people, on the occasion of the arrival of the commission in Santo Domingo:

> President Vasquez has expressed to us his determined purpose to rid this republic of the last vestige of foreign interference in its domestic affairs by bringing about that economical management of the government's business, which is the people's business, which will furnish the funds to pay the Dominican debt and relieve this republic from the control of its customs by outsiders.

Dawes Reforms

The Commission Report provides for what Mr. Dawes calls "the best budget system in the world." This system, under a director of the budget, supplemented by a coordinating service under a chief coordinator, and by central government accounting control, follows closely the scheme inaugurated by Mr. Dawes in the United States in 1921. There are, however, certain refinements designed to prevent any part of the plan from miscarrying—a result which Mr. Dawes claims has come to pass in the United States under Comptroller General J. R. McCarl. Further following the precedent of administrative reorganization in the United States, the Law of Projected Public Improvements is designed to keep all public-works projects within the financial resources of the government and coordinated with a general scheme of improvement, while a Law Reorganizing the Government Departments redistributes certain services and creates a new Department of War and Marine. The American example was departed from only when President Vasquez asked Mr. Dawes if there was objection to renaming the new department, giving it the more popular modern title of National Defense.

There were certain other recommendations calculated to save the government money: open competitive bids on all contracts and purchases; officers or employees handling funds or personal property to be under bond; full civil-service protection to be extended to all public services; cancelation of all unexpended continuing appropriations not absolutely required; sale of government-owned public utilities.

Dawes Anticipations

The commission seems to have been interested in presenting the anticipated results of its recommendations in the best possible light in its Summary of Fundamental Conclusions. Its optimism, or its weariness after weeks of hectic work, led it to state conclusions which unfortunately are neither exactly accurate nor particularly fundamental.

The commission estimates the probable deficit for 1929, with its reforms in operation, at $769,000. This figure is arrived at by using the excess of budget appropriations over budget resources on January 1, 1929, rather than the higher figure, given elsewhere in the report, of the estimated excess at the end of 1929. Further, a full year's savings in governmental administrative expense are included, although nearly four months of the year had passed before the recommendations were made and the government could hardly be expected to save more than eight-twelfths of the estimate for an entire year. These two items would increase the budget shortage given in the summary by over $1,000,000, and the lowest possible estimate of the 1929 deficit consistent with the commission's own figures is $1,821,707.29.

The statement in the summary as to the probable financial position of the government in 1930 is still more mis-

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leading. With the Dawes reforms in full operation, the report promises for that year a surplus of receipts over ordinary expenditures more than sufficient to meet the new charges, amounting to $1,262,500.33, for the sinking fund on the external debt—*if there is no deficit carried over from 1929*. What value there can be in such speculation it is difficult to grasp, when the facts, as contained in the report itself, indicate that there will be a large deficit in 1929. Instead of a surplus in 1930, on the basis of the present budget and the Dawes retrenchments, the most optimistic estimate would be a deficit of over $1,600,000. In 1931 this amount would be increased nearly $600,000 by higher sinking-fund requirements.

Instead of balancing the budget and wiping out the deficit, the Dawes plan for Santo Domingo only reduces the estimated deficit, for the present year, and the greatest reduction is to be effected through the cancelation of $1,788,000 of continuing appropriations, which could not be met in any case without surplus funds. Even with the assistance of the Dawes plan, the government must face large obligations at the end of 1929, and again in 1930 and 1931, and they will not be paper obligations that can be canceled by a stroke of the pen; the Dominican Government will find it absolutely necessary to cut expenditures beyond the Dawes recommendations, or to procure funds to meet these claims. These are fundamental conclusions based on the estimates and recommendations of the commission, and yet they are not clearly stated at any place in the report.

A conclusion that is stated in the introduction to the report, however, is that the "general economic and financial condition is inherently sound." The commission offers very little evidence to support this conclusion. Although it employed the title Dominican Economic Commission it included very few experts of any sort, and no trained economic investigators. Some members of the group looked around the country a bit and made sketchy observations, but generally reported that they did not have time to go into matters thoroughly. The commission had expected to remain in the republic six weeks, a sufficiently short period for the task it had to perform, but all of its work was crowded into half that time. No adequate survey of the economic basis of Dominican finances could be made. It is unfortunate that the work had to be done so hastily.

Public Utilities

Although the Dawes Plan does not anticipate further loans or higher taxes, it does leave one loophole through which American money might come to the assistance of the government. The commission recommends the sale of all public utilities owned by the government.

Government operation of the national telephone and telegraph system, the national radio, and the automatic telephone system of the city of Santo Domingo is condemned in the eyes of the commission because it resulted in a deficit of over $300,000 in 1928, with only a slight decrease in this amount estimated for 1929. The national railroad also is operated at a loss of something over $50,000 a year, caused chiefly by the competition of trucks on the highways built by the marines and the Dominican Government. But there must be some further reason for the recommended sale, for when the report comes to the light and water company of the city of Santiago, and the electric-light company of the city of Puerto Plata, both operated by the national government, it states that "the commission has the same recommendations to make as those previously expressed," in spite of the fact that new equipment has just been installed in these plants and that they are expected to produce a net profit of $76,000 this year.

It seems that the key to the commission's reasoning on Dominican utilities, as on any public utilities, is to be found in this statement in the report: "It is the experience of the world that public utilities are more efficiently administered and more economically operated by private interests than by governmental operation, . . ." This generalization may be understood when it is realized that the group which agreed upon it included a president of the Radio Corporation of America, a vice-president of the Indiana Refining Company, a vice-president of the Illinois Steel Company and director of several Chicago banks, a president of the Alabama Marble Company, a successful utilities consulting engineer, a corporation lawyer, and two investment bankers, as well as the head of the Dawes interests of Chicago. One hastens to add that these big business men could not be suspected of having designs themselves on the struggling little utilities of the Dominican Republic; their interest must lie only in the "principle" involved.

The commission recognizes elsewhere in the report that the government transmits free of charge over its telegraph system messages which would cost it nearly $100,000 at current rates, and there must be similar employment of the other utilities which might well be charged against the seeming deficit. Furthermore, the report does not take into account the fact that in the case of most of the utilities, especially the automatic telephones and the light and water works, the recent outlay for capital equipment has been very high, while the public use of these utilities is only now beginning. It is doubtless true, as has often been charged, that personnel costs are too high because of political influences, but the commission's recommendation of civil-service control seems the proper attack on this problem in public utilities, as in other government services. If we figure a budget for all these utilities for next year, counting on the 15 per cent savings in personnel cost that the commission has estimated, charging the value of services received by the government against the cost of operation, and including the increased revenues from automatic telephones now being installed, the net deficit to the government cannot be over $75,000. It may indeed be much less, or may even be completely wiped out, and in succeeding years it is quite possible that these utilities will be a source of considerable income.

Mr. Dawes wrote to President Vasquez on March 2, accepting his appointment, and voluntarily placing a strong restriction on the scope of the commission's task: "The work you ask myself and my associates to enter is one in no wise involved in questions of internal policy, but is only that of suggesting certain methods of organization under which the routine business of government is transacted." It appears that the ownership of public utilities is a debatable question, especially in a country like Santo Domingo, where government control of strong foreign enterprises is a difficult matter at best; the Dawes Commission might well have considered it a matter of internal policy, limiting itself to recommendations for the improvement of the government operation of these services.

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What Next?

The Dominicans seem inclined to give the Dawes recommendations a thorough trial, and are even going beyond them in some lines of governmental retrenchment. The legislature has granted the executive power to dispose of some of the utilities, under conditions carefully guarding government control of their operation. But it is certain that the Dominicans will have hard sledding under their present program, and that there will be a tremendous pressure on them to take on additional foreign loans, or to "get on easy street" by granting economic and utility concessions to foreigners, particularly Americans.

There are at least three things that the Dominicans have acquired from the Americans. First is a taste for public improvements. They have projected and partially completed the extension of the highway system to every corner of the country, the improvement of three ports, two large irrigation projects, schools and public buildings, and municipal systems of electric lights, telephones, water supply, and sewerage. Second is a distaste for American loans and their consequences. Both the Government and the Opposition make political capital of the determination to rid the country of the last vestige of official foreign control. Third is a fear of economic development by foreign capital and enterprise. The American sugar industry in Santo Domingo grew tremendously during the American occupation, but the Dominican Government is inclined to embarrass it at present by such means as a tax of 150 per cent on all agricultural machinery entering the country for expansion purposes.

Now these three things do not fit together. If the present program of public works is to be continued, and education and other forms of desired social progress are to be extended, further foreign loans will be necessary in the near future, if not immediately. Greater debt charges on the budget, given the present receipts, would simply increase with the annual deficit. To meet such debt charges under the present forms of taxation, or to afford a surplus for public works over the present budget, would require an increase of the foreign trade of the country, and that could probably be achieved most quickly by attracting foreign capital and enterprise. If the Dominicans, then, want neither foreign loans nor foreign capital, they will have to forego, for the present at least, the expansion of their public works, and they may have difficulty in maintaining those acquired already.

The only way in which the Dominicans can recover complete political independence and avoid extensive economic dependence, is by exercising the freedom of action they now enjoy. They must clean house in their own government and live within their means. In this purpose they should be genuinely aided by the Dawes Report, at least by most of it. Further, they must be content with a slow economic and civic development, financed only by their own gradual accumulation of capital. If they can do those two things they will not only surprise a great many Americans at present interested in Santo Domingo, but they will also afford an almost unique experiment in the development of a "backward" country.

Republicans and the Rest of Us

By BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK, SR.

THE past eight years have been peculiarly dull in politics. The man who occupied the White House during the greater part of the period contributed materially to the dulness, but the chief contributing factor is to be found in the supine character of the opposition to dominant Republicanism. We are as impotent to discern the differences between the parties in the United States today as W. S. Gilbert was in England some forty years ago when he satirized the similarity of Conservatives and Liberals in the lines:

> Isn't it strange
> How Nature doth contrive
> That every boy and every gal,
> That's born into the world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal,
> Or else a little Conservative?

Why this tweedledum and tweedledee? The answer is simple: Prosperity and propaganda have converted a majority of Americans to the political creed of the business man. That creed runs: "I believe that government should make business prosperous and that if it does, some of the prosperity, like the gentle rain from heaven, will trickle down upon those beneath." Prosperity for some lines of business may be made by governmental action or inaction. Tariff legislation, easy access to natural resources, favorable tax laws, favorable banking laws, the granting of valuable franchises, the jailing of "agitators," are examples of action. Refraining from "going into business in competition with its citizens," from "meddling in business," from adequate regulation of public service rates, are examples of inaction. Both lists could be multiplied indefinitely. Finally, the "charmed circle of privilege" must be kept exclusively for business men of substance. Others, like laborers, farmers, most "white-collar" workers, and small business men must be kept out. Such is the political creed of the larger business men.

For nearly seventy years, with some slight exception during the administrations of Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican Party has been the instrument for putting this creed into practice nationally. Locally, the same thing has been true in the East and broadly speaking in the West despite "Progressive" heresies. Recently, in the more industrialized areas of the South, the Democratic Party has come to represent essentially the same view as the Republican Party elsewhere. Woodrow Wilson committed his party to a progressive policy nationally, but by embarking on the stormy sea of world politics, he was largely responsible for the ensuing decline. But the Democratic leaders in Congress are not blameless. They did not fight to maintain the instrumentalities created under Wilson's leadership for the control of big business, but sat idly by and saw those instrumentalities transformed into the bulwarks of predatory vested interests, hoping thus to obtain the favor of the business barons. In this

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hope they were disappointed. Business men, like other human beings, trust old friends most, and their trust was not misplaced. Under Harding and Coolidge they got everything they wanted and nothing they did not want. Now their faith is in Hoover, and the prospect is that the Republican Party will continue for many years to come to deserve the confidence of the business interests.

In view of the decayed state of the national Democracy, is not the Socialist Party the logical alternative to Republican rule? Yes, but politics is not a matter of logic. Other influences prevent the Socialist Party from operating as a successful opposition. It should continue in existence, however, and it is to be hoped that in the course of time it will become a strong national party.

In the meanwhile, are we to have no opposition worthy the name? Admitting that the wish is in part, at least, father to the judgment, let us hazard a forecast. In the course of the next decade, very probably as early as 1932, the Democratic Party will divide into two parties—an Eastern and a Southern. There will follow quickly a definite secession of the Western Progressives from the Republican Party. Each of these three parties will be much more progressive than the present national Democracy. This judgment is based on what appears to be facts. First, the Democrats have learned that they cannot supplant the Republicans in the affections of big business. Second, Eastern and Southern Democrats are convinced that they can find no common ground of union on the liquor question. Moreover, their racial and religious differences, they fully realize, are too great to allow them to cooperate in a single party. Finally, millions of people are getting over the notion that huge profits for a few mean prosperity for the masses.

The present economic condition is bound to bring about a renewed moderate opposition to extreme Republicanism. Such opposition has not been dead, as the five million votes for La Follette in 1924 sufficiently attest. This opposition, too, is growing, but no Eastern or Southern Democrat or Western Progressive can command its undivided support. Governor Smith made a good candidate in the East, but a poor one in the South and West. Senator Norris would have done well in his own section, but not elsewhere. Senator George could have rallied support in the South, but almost none anywhere else.

The situation then calls for one national extreme capitalistic party, one socialist party, and three sectional parties representing various shades of moderate opposition to unregulated capitalism. Parties cannot go on forever standing for nothing in particular. They must in the end conform more or less closely to actual social-economic conditions. Extreme capitalism is the one thing that is nation-wide in scope. The Republicans will represent capitalism. Republican office-seekers, continuing to preach the gospel of prosperity, will admonish the people to put their trust in the great industrial lords, and multitudes will hearken to their voice. Against them the three sectional parties will have difficulty in making headway, but the situation is by no means hopeless.

What part will the Southern Democracy play? What ground is there for believing that it will become progressive? In the first place, it is being deserted by its most conservative element—the business men. Prohibition and religious issues were the immediate occasion of the large Republican vote in the South in 1928; but there was another cause, not so apparent on the surface. For many years considerable areas in the South have been undergoing industrialization and urbanization. A business group has been growing up whose political views are much like those of their fellows in the North. Many of them are of Northern origin. Many Southerners have been coming to the view that business is "safer" when there is a Republican administration in Washington, and therefore have been voting the Republican ticket in national elections. The next step will be for them to vote the Republican State ticket. Indeed, many did so in 1928. If President Hoover is successful in having "respectable" Republican machines organized in Southern States where none now exist, the conversion of the business men to State as well as national Republicanism will be rendered easy. It is to be hoped that success will attend his efforts.

Contemporaneously with this change, other significant movements have been going on. Southern labor is becoming class-conscious. The first generation of Southern workers, fresh from the hard conditions on the little farms they occupied, looked upon the new village or city life as a distinct improvement, even if hours were long, if work was monotonous, and if pay was small as compared with Northern wages. Today things are different. A new generation has appeared which never knew the farm. Its members are not one-tenth as isolated as they or their parents were even ten years ago. Among the more skilled workers in the cities unionism is taking hold rapidly. On the whole, the leaders are intelligent and socially minded.

Another influence making for discomfort in the South is the invasion of this territory by the chain stores, and the establishment of numerous branches of the great mail-order houses, with the consequent ruin of many small merchants. Southern agriculture is in a bad way. Some local observers look for a recrudescence of a Southern agrarian movement comparable to the Farmers' Alliance of the early nineties. We may confidently expect that within the next decade both the farmers and the small business men will be demanding relief at the hands of the State governments.

It would be a mistake not to say something about the young men and especially the young women of the Southern colleges. Almost without exception they are liberal, and in many cases even radical, in their outlook. Many of them are entering the teaching profession, where they are passing on the ideas they acquired in college. Moreover, they are not "tired" liberals. Whatever the situation elsewhere, in the South the young college men and women are optimistic, generous, and determined to improve social and economic conditions in their section. For the most part they are emancipated from the enervating tradition of a South of chivalry and romance. Of more practical importance, they will not yield obedience to the demands of an ignorant priesthood, bent upon maintaining a religious, social, and economic fundamentalism. They are thinking hard and biding their time.

And their time is coming soon. When the Democratic Party is deserted by the great business men, these young people, aided by the workers, farmers, and small business classes, will capture its machinery, and rededicate it to the principles of "equal rights for all and special privileges to none." They will conceive these principles, not as dead shibboleths, but in terms of twentieth-century realities. They will look into the mills and see that their Anglo-Saxon relatives are being exploited in the interest of local and foreign capitalists. They

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will recall that in the 1860's Southern Democrats fought against being machined, but incidentally to preserve a great social wrong—Negro slavery. Before the 1960's have arrived they will be engaged in the nobler struggle to free their own flesh and blood from slavery to the masters of the machines.

But this will be only a part of their program. Their party will advocate a thoroughgoing reform of the tax system so that the tax burden will fall upon those best able to pay, to the relief of the farmers and workers. It will demand the extension of the public-school system from the present six or seven months' term to a full nine or ten months' term. It will advocate the enlargement and more adequate support of the State institutions of higher learning, insisting that both public schools and State colleges be made more responsive to social needs. It will see to it that adequate social legislation of all sorts is provided. Public utilities must be effectively regulated so that their services may be supplied the public at reasonable cost, and if experience demonstrates that this is impossible, then new ground of public ownership must be taken. The party will insist that worthy tenants be aided by the state in securing ownership of their farms, following the precedent of Denmark and other progressive countries. Farmers' cooperatives will be encouraged and given State aid. Practical agricultural education will be extended and made more effective. Such in brief is the role that the new Southern Democracy will play in State affairs.

In national matters it will cooperate, as far as possible, with the two moderate parties from the East and the West. In Congress, the three together could make an effective opposition to the extreme Republicanism which we have witnessed during the past eight years and which seems destined to continue for some time. All three parties should oppose the overgrown pretensions and demands of the navalists, militarists, and imperialists generally. Pacifically inclined in foreign relations, they should be effective opponents of the headlong plunge which we seem to be making into the next war. The three parties could not agree on the prohibition question, or perhaps on immigration, so they should frankly agree to disagree and thus save their mutual respect. In the field of national domestic politics, they could together prevent the sort of shameless favors which have been given to the great power, oil, and transportation corporations during the past eight years, and even in opposition they should be able to prevent such tax refunds as have been made under Mr. Mellon's administration of the Treasury. And they could at least call a halt to any further protective tariff debauch. Perhaps within a decade or two their combined electoral votes would be sufficient to throw the election of the President into the House. A coalition administration could conceivably be provided and sufficient agreement reached to bring the government once more to grips with some of the country's insistent problems.

The Last of Edward Carpenter

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

IT was a cool sunny day of midsummer, the first of July. A company of English people, among whom at first the local newspapermen saw nobody whose name had for them any sound of eminence, had gathered on a hillside in Surrey for the burial of Edward Carpenter, "democratic author and poet," as he described himself, maker of "Towards Democracy," and, I suppose, the most remarkable of those few original English characters who are known and honored among certain orders of the elect throughout the world. He had died three days before in Guildford; the county seat, as Americans would call it—an ancient town grown during the past half-century into a congested suburb just beyond the outer rim of Greater London.

Thither he had removed, after the war, when within hail of his eightieth year, from the cottage and holding of Millthorpe, among the hills outside Sheffield, the city of steel, where he had lived his own life for forty years—writing, reflecting, and receiving at intervals the friends and unknown disciples who came to him from near and very far. On his seventieth birthday, and again on his eightieth, tributes of admiration and affection had been paid to him: by men of letters and of affairs, by labor and socialist leaders, by bands of social idealists belonging to the small undefeated minority, by inconspicuous men and women who, in places scattered over the globe, had been reached by the word of Edward Carpenter. In Guildford, he had lived for a time in a staring villa on a steep road; in his last years he found a less inappropriate refuge in a tiny bungalow on level ground, surrounded by flowers.

A brief announcement in the London *Times* had made known that the funeral would be held in the town cemetery. This seemed to imply that the customary routine would be followed; in other words, that the Church of England burial service would be read over the body of as complete a spiritual rebel as England had known for half a century. We remembered how, after going through his course in Cambridge University, he had been ordained, and had accepted a curacy under the once renowned Frederick Denison Maurice, that prophet of a strange semi-modernism of whom Matthew Arnold said that he expended enormous energy upon beating the bush without at any time starting the hare. Carpenter as curate in the Established Church had been unimaginable by all those who had come within his circle after the writing of his most famous book; but it looked as though a man's past must come back upon him in this England of ours. To our good friend Henry Nevinson I quoted a passage from his own autobiography, "Last Changes Last Chances," to the effect that those who threatened the speedy passing of the British system were given to forgetting that England always won one battle—the last. Let us, I suggested, amend that, and force ourselves to realize that the old churchy bourgeoisie will contrive to win the last battle over the body of the rebel.

The little cortège from the town below was late. We were waiting at the entrance of the cemetery when the chaplain rode up the hill on a motor-bicycle and swung into the gateway. The coffin was of the plainest unvarnished wood, covered with flowers. We crowded into the little chapel,

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and the chaplain began reading the burial service in the rapid level tone that generations of English clergy have established as the right and only way of going through the solemn ritual of farewell to the dead. Having finished with the prayers and readings of the first part, we followed the coffin up the slope of the cemetery to the grave, where the remainder of the service was read in the same voice, the words of committal being spoken, likewise inaudibly, by an older cleric of somewhat higher rank. Around the grave were some 200 people, mostly neighbor folk of the neighborhood—members of the local Labor Party, the cooperative society, the trade unions: people who knew that a remarkable man had gone from their midst. No national leaders of any kind were present.

There had been no reference to Carpenter by name. Burial in the Church of England is an entirely anonymous rite; the words are read over the body of "our dear brother here departed." Who, indeed, was this; who should it be? "So as I am, so shall you be," as the familiar rural epitaph has it. And now the formal benediction is spoken. The church has done its part.

As we were walking up from the chapel to the grave my companion said: "On these occasions some one ought to break out." Many among us, I do not doubt, were feeling precisely that; but, as it happened, there was no need for a break-out. The chaplain was moving away and the onlookers supposed that all was over, when a clear voice was heard over the scene, declaring that the company could not separate without some word of Edward Carpenter's own. It was the voice of a literary executor, Captain L. H. Green, who himself read the noble lines Into the Regions of the Sun, beginning:

> So at last passing (the great sea stilled, the raging ocean)—passing away
> All sorrow left behind, the great intolerable burdens which men vainly try to carry,
> All all abandoned, left there lying—
> Suddenly lightened, like a bird that shakes itself free from the limed twigs,
> Soaring, soaring, into joy supernal passing,
> Lo! the dead we leave behind and pass to the realms of the living.

It was clearly and beautifully done, and at the end the same voice announced that Henry Nevinson, a friend of forty years, would speak a few words about Carpenter and the significance of his work. Nevinson did, speaking slowly, in calm and moving sentences. He recalled the courage with which Carpenter had separated himself from a devouring convention, for the shaping of the life in which he believed, a life of simple labor, spent among the common folk. Carpenter was a great poet, a great writer, a great critic of life and society; but he was greater still in his life and in the spirit that he had passed on.

It was a singularly satisfying conclusion. The right thing had been done, the right page read, the appropriate word spoken. The victory had been snatched at the last moment from the official guardians of an outworn form; and I think every man and woman present was grateful to the two men who had succeeded in associating the end of Edward Carpenter with his own expression of open-eyed submission to reality, instead of with the rubric of an age from which his mind had moved decisively away.

Sex, if Any

Being, perhaps, a preview of the pamphlet Canon William Sheafe Chase is planning to write to replace Mary Ware Dennett's "The Sex Side of Life," in order that the Postal Inspectors may be kept unsullied and pure

By EDWARD HOPE

Introduction

As young folks grow out of their babyhood and begin to observe the world they live in, many of them notice that children are conventionally divided into two classes. There are Boys and there are Girls. To some of the young this comes as rather a shock, although it should not cause much comment among those whose home training has been properly looked after by their parents. It is only to young folks whose little minds have not been carefully safeguarded from thoughts of evil that the realization of Sex, or Gender, as it is more delicately called, proves disturbing.

Curiosity, especially in matters that are better neither discussed nor thought about, is a great evil and a besetting sin among certain young folks. Those who inquire boldly into the Divine Plan will come to no good end, but because curiosity in matters of Gender continues to rear its ugly head, in spite of all that wise and moral adults can do to stop it, this little book is prepared to settle the question once and for all and put the mind of the young at rest.

In what follows, you will find all the information you will need at present. Only those who are willing to risk damnation, or who are planning to lead immoral lives, will inquire further.

The Genders

There are, as you have already guessed, two major sexes, or Genders. The commonest terms for the Genders are Male and Female. We shall use these terms for convenience, although happier words could be found.

It is often important to be able to tell the Genders apart, and this is quite easy with a little practice. Men, for instance, wear trousers. The outstanding physical differences between the Genders are: Males, on the average, are bigger than Females, and stronger. Males have deeper voices than Females. Males have their hair cut shorter than Females. Males shave their faces or else grow beards, while Females do not have to shave. Little boys, and men, too, are Male. Little girls, and women, are Female.

These simple distinctions should be enough, under ordinary circumstances, to clear up any confusion as to which Gender a given individual belongs to. In any case where doubt persists, even when the given individual is judged by these standards, it is best to walk rapidly away from the person in question.

The Purpose of Gender

If you have any grasp of the ways of Providence, you will feel sure that there is some great reason in the Divine Plan for the creation of two Genders. And you will be quite right. The Genders are a part of the means the

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Almighty has devised for perpetuating the race of men and women.

All living things have their Genders in one way or another, and the best way to think of the reproductive functions of the Genders is to consider the flowers. It is the plant's mission, just as it is the mission of right-thinking human beings, to reproduce itself and perpetuate its race. Today you have a flowering plant; tomorrow there will be other flowering plants where that one now stands. Go and sit in front of a flowering plant for a day or a week and watch it. You will learn a great and good lesson. And although the flowers have no marriage ceremony, so far as we know, they may be pardoned for that, because they do not know any better.

Marriage

When you are grown up and are a Man or a Woman, Love will very probably come into your life. When you find that you love another man or woman (as the case may be), it is time to think of Marriage. Don't pay any attention to wicked people who try to tell you otherwise. In fact, beware of anyone who makes such a suggestion, for it may be part of an evil design.

A marriage is best when it is solemnized by a minister, although judges and other officials of the State are qualified to perform marriages. Marriage is not a state to be entered into lightly. By marriage you will take your Mate, your spiritual companion, for the rest of your life. You must be sure, therefore, that you have first Sacred Love, the kind of emotion for which you are willing to give up your happiness and your chance of earthly satisfaction. Millions of men and women have made these sacrifices to preserve marriage for you, and you must be ready to do as much for those who come after.

There are some light-minded and usually evil persons who enter marriage in a spirit of happiness and gaiety. This is very wrong. Marriage is holy and there should be no fun connected with it. For the most part, happily, there is none, for good people bring to the institution a spirit of sacred duty and seriousness. Marriages are made in Heaven, and Heaven is no place for nonsense.

Childbirth

There are several theories about childbirth, although no one knows which is exactly accurate. The two leading theories are (a) that the baby is brought by a stork, which carries its precious cargo slung from its beak, and (b) that babies are shipped direct from Heaven to the doctors and distributed by them to those who want them.

Myself, I am inclined to the stork theory. I feel that the stork is a much more lovely creature than the average doctor. And, anyway, some of the new babies I have seen would have been much too large to fit into the little black bags the doctors carry. Whatever the true theory is, there is no need for you to worry your little head with it now.

Immorality

It is necessary to mention briefly the fact that there are Bad Women in the world. These Bad Women are a menace to decent society, and cause all sorts of trouble. Some day, it is to be hoped, proper laws will be passed to do away with Bad Women entirely, but at present only a warning can be issued. Boys should avoid meeting them and Girls should avoid becoming them.

As for where they are found and how they are to be distinguished from decent and moral people, suffice it to say that a man will know almost instinctively when he is in the presence of a Bad Woman. At the slightest premonition, if he is a good man, he will go immediately away or call a policeman. Policemen can deal with Bad Women.

* * * * *

In this pamphlet, dear children, you have all the information you will need, as I have said, for the present. Now that all your questions are answered, put the matter out of your little mind entirely, and stick to marbles and jacks, which are simpler and safer.

In the Driftway

A COUPLE of years ago, in response to a contest on the subject, the Drifter undertook to list the "ten most beautiful things" in New York City. He prefers not to recall the exact date of this performance because in his hurry he included a view of lower Manhattan, the East River, and the Brooklyn Bridge from the foot of Montague Street, Brooklyn, and an attempt later at verification disclosed the fact that most of the alleged panorama was invisible on account of nearby warehouses. Still that fiasco was quite a while ago and has probably been forgotten, so the Drifter is inclined to answer the query of the Merchants' Association as to the "seven wonders of New York City." On the authority of Antipater of Sidon the Merchants' Association lists the Seven Wonders of the World as the walls of Babylon, the statue of Zeus at Olympia by Phidias, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, and the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Certain other authorities give the lighthouse at Alexandria instead of the walls of Babylon, but that is a detail.

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THE Merchants' Association put its question to a number of New Yorkers of prominence, and there is considerable repetition in their answers. There is a common tendency to name the subway system, the railway terminals, the East River bridges, the Stock Exchange, the Holland Tunnel, and the Woolworth Building. A good many of those responding to the question cited various views, usually containing skyscrapers, and some named objects of beauty without reference to their size or uniqueness. But if one is to follow the analogy of the Seven Wonders of the ancients in naming a similar list for New York City, beauty cannot be the only, or indeed the chief, criterion. The object should be colossal in size or amazing in construction, and it should be either unique or a bigger, better specimen than any elsewhere. Bearing these conditions in mind the Drifter likes best the list submitted by Gustav Lindenthal, engineer, who named New York's two great museums, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History; the city's gravity water supply; the subway system; the Grand Central and Pennsylvania railway terminals; and the East River bridges. This is a good list, but the Drifter

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would make large changes in compiling one of his own. For various reasons, he would omit the two museums, the water system, the Pennslyvania terminal, and the East River bridges. These exceptions leave the Drifter with only two wonders listed: the subway system and the Grand Central railway terminal with its tunnel and approaches.

* * * * *

TO these two wonders the Drifter would add one of the city's great office buildings. The Woolworth is the tallest and easily the most beautiful, but perhaps it should yield to the Equitable Building because the latter is the largest in the world, housing 12,000 persons—a city in itself—while it is estimated that, in addition, it has 50,000 visitors daily. As a fourth wonder the Drifter would list that amazing and dramatic spectacle known as the Great White Way, the illuminated signs and the human surge on Broadway from Forty-second to Fiftieth Street at night. Fifth, the Drifter would like to name something connected with the great amusement business in New York, and he rests on Coney Island. For sixth choice he borrows an item from the list of Joseph E. Corrigan, city magistrate, who mentions as one of New York's wonders "the number, variety, and character of its inhabitants." Certainly this is one of the wonders of New York and of the world. Nothing is so surely the essence of the American metropolis as its human content of many races, with their differing tongues and varying manners, their restaurants, churches, shops, street and home life.

* * * * *

FINALLY, the Drifter sets down as the seventh and greatest wonder of all the patient industry, the docile humility of this human throng, nine-tenths of whom wear out their lives creating wealth for the other tenth to spend. The supreme marvel is that the nine-tenths do not rise in their wrath and their might, pick up the one-tenth by the scruff of the neck, and hurl them off the Battery sea wall into the bay. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Applejack Myth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It appears to be getting conventional to assume that the farmer, in insisting on prohibition for the rest of the world, counts on hard cider and applejack for himself. In your columns it is first Heywood Broun and now the Drifter who makes applejack the farmer's drink. Broun seemed to think that the farmers had got applejack legalized under the statute; surely it is no more lawful than brandy.

I was raised in a Vermont town that had no other industry, except for strictly local service, than farming; Vermont counts maple-sugar-making as a part of farming. Vermont was a veteran prohibition State. The cider barrel was a familiar institution and its legitimate uses were understood to be to drink while sweet, to cook while sweet (cider applesauce, etc.), and to make vinegar. The definition of sweet cider was elastic, but it was not considered thoroughly respectable to make a practice of drinking it after it had become decidedly hard; and I never heard of doing anything to prevent hard cider from going on and turning to vinegar, so that even those who drank hard cider were not presumed to have it available all the year.

But, while the cider press and cider barrel were familiar institutions, the still was not. I never saw applejack. I never saw a receptacle that was said to contain applejack. I never heard of a man who made it, or had any, or had been drinking it. I never heard of applejack except in print, on pages printed in the city. Today, at the age of sixty, after having lived for longer and shorter times in three cities and ten country towns of five States, having once devoted a summer to canvassing a rural county of New York for a purpose that made it part of my ordinary experience to hear the local scandal against the prohibitionists of the county, I have not yet heard of a specified town or farm or house or other locality in which applejack was said to be made or used.

Ballard Vale, Mass., June 29 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Who Are Bad Citizens?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ground on which the Connecticut judge the other day refused citizenship to Douglas C. Macintosh of the Yale Divinity School is rather amusing when read on our Independence Day. Professor Macintosh, who served faithfully in France during the World War, said in answering questions that he could not support a government in what he considered an unjust war. The judge said that when war is once on, a citizen has no business to discuss the question of its justice or injustice, but simply to support his government; and he therefore denied Professor Macintosh naturalization. He had not as much compunction on the score as even the Chicago *Tribune*, which has belatedly had qualms of conscience over carrying at the top of its editorial page the notorious old slogan, "My country, right or wrong." It did this regularly for years, impervious to the common criticism; but last winter it "got religion," frankly confessed its fear that it was mischievous, and took it off.

Almost all great Englishmen of the Revolutionary period whom we honor, and whom England herself now honors, denounced their government for its course, praised glowingly our rebellious fathers, and gave "aid and comfort" to the enemy in a way which our own Constitution pronounces treason, and which Rosika Schwimmer and Professor Macintosh would never dream of. It is doubtful whether we could have won our independence if these sympathizing and outspoken Englishmen had not made the war so unpopular in England and at times almost paralyzed their government. Our very map is dotted all over with Pittsfields and Chathams and Burkes and Foxboros and Conways and Graftons and Barres, witnessing to the gratitude of our fathers to the manly and liberty-loving critics of their government, who fought for our cause in Parliament as valiantly as Washington fought at Trenton and Yorktown.

"I rejoice that America has resisted," thundered Pitt in Parliament. "Three millions of people so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to have made slaves of the rest." Our Connecticut judge would have disfranchised him forthwith; and he would have sent Fox after him for his "treasonable" speech when the news came of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. And Horace Walpole also who exclaimed on the same occasion, "Thank God, old England is safe."

Happily we do not have to go to England for examples of backbone and humanity in politics. We have had illustrious illustrations at home. Almost every conspicuous man of brains in New England denounced our war with Mexico from beginning to end; and the leaders of nearly our whole conscientious

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body, from our two ex-Presidents Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison down, condemned the course of our government with equal energy when engaged in the subjugation of the Philippines at the hour when their struggling people had almost won their independence from Spain. Massachusetts should ever be proud that the leader in the Senate of the opposition to the infamy was George F. Hoar; that the leader of the organized popular opposition was the venerable George S. Boutwell; and that when his voice was stilled in death his mantle fell on the chivalric Moorfield Storey. Our Connecticut judge would have sent them all to jail. Such pronouncements as that of the New Haven judge are, thank God, a novelty in this republic of Adams and Jefferson.

Boston, July 4 EDWIN D. MEAD

Dawes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your discussion of Charles G. Dawes as British Ambassador from America you entirely failed to describe the man. He is one of the most cultured men in our nation, reads widely, and is familiar with many lines of thought. You will be surprised to know that when he was campaigning four years ago he took with him a select library of Greek and Latin books and never closed a day without long and careful study of their contents. His knowledge of ancient life and literature is very broad and deep. He has a large library and loves his books. Two years ago he told me that when he retired from the Vice-Presidency he hoped to satisfy a long ambition by taking up the excavation of some early Greek city or ruins.

Walter Leaf, the great Homeric scholar and man of letters, after spending four hours with Mr. Dawes said to me that he was one of the most cultured and widely informed gentlemen he had ever seen. Mr. Dawes can meet as an equal in learning and culture the very best of the British Empire.

Evanston, Illinois, May 30 JOHN A. SCOTT

Left-Handedness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am astonished that as scholarly a journal as *The Nation* should attribute left-handedness to some usage when it has been known to two generations that its cause is anatomical in a right-handed brain. I suggest that Heywood Broun read up—possibly Dr. George Gould—on the subject.

Pacific Grove, California, July 10 J. C. REEVE

Catholicism and Tolerance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The controversy between your correspondent, Mr. Robert Dell, and Roman Catholic writers is so acutely interesting that I break into it and am reminded of old times in South Carolina. In 1706 the Church of England became the "established church" of the colony, the state religion, and it was supported by public taxation. The Episcopalians paid most of the taxes. About 1740 the "upper country" (the interior) began to be settled, rapidly, by "dissenters" who trekked from Virginia and other Northern colonies. Most of them were Presbyterians. In 1776 "we" South Carolinians had a war on our hands, and that was the opportunity of the dissenters. So the legislature of this independent State, in 1778, adopted a "constitution" (the first was adopted in 1776) and, led by the Reverend William Tennent, the Church of England was disestablished. The constitution contained these words: "The Christian Protestant religion shall be deemed and is hereby declared to be the established religion of this State." The constitution of 1790 abolished all religious tests, and it was not until then that Jews and Roman Catholics could hold public office.

Were the Episcopalians (I am one of them) to become 90 per cent of the population (we are in fact less than 2 per cent of the whites), could they (or we) be trusted not to impress their religion on the constitution and laws—presupposing that your "Uncle Sam" kept his hands off? I doubt it. Even in these illumined days, could any church, or sect, were 90 per cent of the people enrolled in it, be trusted not to interfere in temporal affairs? To doubt it may be irreligious—but I do.

Accepting Mr. Dell's assertion that under the Concordat the Roman Catholics take complete charge of education in Italy and compel all children and youth to receive Roman Catholic instruction, my fellow-citizens of South Carolina will agree with me that it is a cruel hardship on the Protestants, and the Jews—but wait. Numerically, as Mr. Dell says, the Protestants and the Jews are negligible in Italy, and the great hardship is on the children of millions of freethinkers, "infidels." Were all religious instruction forbidden in tax-supported schools, and school attendance compulsory, the "atmosphere" in the Italian schools would be non-religious, in a great proportion of them anti-religious. Would we South Carolinian Protestants approve the exposure of Protestant children, few though they be in Italy, to that? I doubt it.

Mr. Dell holds that the Roman church, unlike other churches, not only has not receded from the old position that the church is supreme in temporal as well as spiritual affairs but emphatically reiterates it—therefore we should not "commit political suicide by giving our votes to members of a political organization with such principles as these which every member of that organization is bound to accept." Why stop with refusing to vote for them? Why allow them to vote? Does Mr. Dell fancy that exclusion from office-holding of Roman Catholics in New York and Boston would prevent them from "plumping" occasionally for a Protestant brother capable of betraying Protestantism? Would it not be rather perilous to proscribe a powerful and numerous group, as to office-holding, without disarming them? Would he degrade these people, madden them, and leave weapons in their hands?

Mr. Dell admits that the Pope does not attempt to impose his notions of temporal supremacy except where he thinks he can. Is not that enough? Enough at least to let us live in political peace and political fellowship, in the United States, with these Roman Catholics? Some of my South Carolina friends will disagree, but I think we are in as much danger of the political ascendancy of the Holy Rollers as of the Roman Catholics, and my limited observation is that a very great proportion of the present office-holders are rather indulgers and tolerators of Protestant Christianity than supporters of it, whatever the masks they wear. It is certain that, in these parts, the Devil has not abandoned his claims to temporal power, and as we have less than 12,000 Roman Catholics in 1,800,000 people, I fear that most of the members of his South Carolina junta have Protestant associations.

Do these disputations about Catholicism and Protestantism profit? It is not what the Pope might do in the United States, if he could, that concerns me. It is what Bishop Cannon can do in Virginia. What he has done. What he is doing.

Charleston, S. C., July 15 W. W. BALL

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
July 29—Mr. Mussey
August 5—Mr. Blanshard

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Books

Phenomena

By MARK VAN DOREN

He thought some things were not to be compared.
They sprang from their own seed, that once had dared,
Dropping from several stars, to sow by night
One-half of earth with unexplained delight.
Then morning came on philosophic feet,
And leveling her voice denied the sweet,
Sharp difference; she was not to be confused
By novelty of names, and form abused.
So noon and afternoon saw nothing strange.
Only at twilight did unreason range,
And only now by night is wisdom had
In a spun world of which the name is mad;
Only through darkness will the meaning shine
Of things that are but planets fallen fine;
Only the black meridian declares
That old descent from big and little Bears.

A Great National Drama

The Wave. By Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

HISTORIANS and historical novelists of the conventional school have conspired to make us forget that wars happen to people as well as to governments. It has long been supposed that the best way to encompass artistically a great national event was to take a bird's-eye view of it; and, of course, from an altitude, a war would resolve itself into the movements of masses more or less controlled by the decisions of a few outstanding individuals and primarily actuated by some common ideal. That is the so-called heroic viewpoint.

For me, at least, the importance of Evelyn Scott's remarkable book lies in the fact that it is one of the few really formidable expressions in fiction of the anti-heroic viewpoint—or, if one may be permitted so lax a term, the modern viewpoint. It is not less sentimental than Barbusse or Remarque or Renn or Frey; but it seems to gain an added power and scope because it is so rigidly unautobiographical. Fine as is "All Quiet on the Western Front," for example, one cannot help closing the book with the feeling that, after all, this is one man's war, fine-fibered and intelligent as that man may be. "The Wave" recounts no one man's war; it recounts the Civil War, whole and entire, by the one possible method: that of tracing its impact on several hundred individuals, from Abraham Lincoln down to a newsboy selling battle extras, from the Portuguese fop who has made a fortune in cotton speculation down to the Manchester factory hand who has been thrown out of work by the economic repercussions of a struggle three thousand miles away.

By the time these words appear, so much just praise will have been lavished on Mrs. Scott's obviously torrential creative power that it hardly seems worth while to make further comment. She has set in motion a veritable army of characters, each provided with a complete background, as if each were originally conceived as the central figure of a novel. Indeed, Mrs. Scott's insight into and curiosity about her own creations are so vital and enthusiastic that it is only with great difficulty that she avoids what must have loomed up as her major difficulty: that of so subordinating the tragedies and comedies of her individuals as to give the reader a continuous sense of the great national drama in which they played their parts. That we do achieve this sense, despite the fact that there is little further connection between the hundred or more sections of the book other than that of vague chronological sequence, is an astounding technical triumph for the author.

Criticism has been directed, and will continue to be directed, against the "formlessness" of the book. It is hardly necessary to point out that this formlessness is designed, that it is in itself a way, a valid and exciting way, of viewing the national cataclysm which was the Civil War. It is, more than that, the only way in which a thoroughly modern temperament *could* survey the war completely because only thus can the utter madness and senseless horror of strife be completely communicated. The indictments of a Remarque or a Frey are powerful enough; but they are individual indictments; they have a quality of isolation; and, more pertinently, the indignant emotions they arouse are rather simple ones which tend to disappear after the book is read. But the emotions aroused by "The Wave" are not the simple ones of horror and indignation at all, but something far more profound. The most blighting as well as the simplest thing one can say against war is that it brings wretchedness to millions of people—and in different ways. It is the multifariousness, the incoherent and unrelated multifariousness of the tragedies, that is the most dreadful thing about war. And of these multifarious, senseless, individual tragedies no one, before the appearance of "The Wave," has given us more than a schematic picture. There is a certain nameless horror that comes with the reader's realization that the meanest Negro and General Robert E. Lee are both made sick to their very souls by the same event. As one reads on and on, passing from one social level to another, meeting soldiers, Negroes, generals, chaplains, old ladies, children, Polish immigrants, homeless Jews, bereft wives, deserters, politicians, one begins to lose sight of the fact that this is a war between Confederates and Unionists, between two sharply demarcated economic and social ideologies. The "issues" of the war fade away, except in so far as they present themselves for our ironical survey; but the war as a tremendous *human* tragic event begins to engross us and finally to overwhelm us in its brutal variety and meaninglessness.

For myself, I find certain imperfections and disharmonies which are minor but perhaps worth pointing out. They are not the results of weakness but of an excess of strength. I could wish, for example, that Mrs. Scott's senses were not so keen and excitable, that she would refrain from packing every sentence with more visual and auditory metaphor than it will bear. Her style is so agonizingly alive that it occasionally becomes confusing. Similarly, she is so intent on avoiding a series of mere "snapshots" that (but very infrequently) she overloads her stories with biographical detail, as in the Kalicz episode. Finally, she may be charged once in a great while with selecting her stories too obviously in order to represent or typify some phase of the conflict. In so far as we recognize these episodes as "representative," they lose in emotional quality what they gain in mere pertinency.

But that Mrs. Scott's major conception has been fulfilled, cannot, I think, be denied; and only a carping critic would dare to disagree with Mr. Krutch's final judgment that here, if anywhere, the Civil War has received its most adequate treatment in fiction. There can be no doubt that "The Wave" is an outstanding achievement in recent American letters.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

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Mohammedan India

The Cambridge History of India. Vol. III—*The Turks and Afghans.* Edited by Sir Wolseley Haig. The Macmillan Company. $11.

THAT early Mohammedan period of Indian history covered by this third volume, which comprises the years A.D. 1000 to 1500, cannot be described in any way either as great or notable. It is a signal example of what human life becomes when it is based on brute force alone, with hardly any higher appeal. The mind sickens, as page after page is turned over, without a single constructive idea, or anything that might be called a movement of the human spirit toward the highest life. The Islamic faith of the conquerors seems to have been occupied almost entirely with the mere external things of religion. It is noticeable that the only chapter in the whole book in which a slightly higher note is struck, The Monuments of Muslim India, deals with buildings in stone—tombs, mosques, fortifications, towers, city gates. Even here we can see the sheer brutality of force breaking through into the domain of art.

I can vividly remember taking the poet Rabindranath Tagore to see the Qutab Minor outside Delhi, one of the chief monuments of these ruthless years. He had already written one of his most perfect poems on the Taj Mahal at Agra, a poem that stands out for its peerless beauty in his Bengali verse. I had not realized how utterly different his emotions would be at this ancient monument which every one who comes as a stranger to Delhi goes "out into the wilderness to see." But when he reached there and saw the vandalism that had taken place—the beautiful Hindu columns that had been torn down in order to use their very stones to build up the massive and pretentious minaret, which had little semblance of dignity or artistic merit, he turned to me and said: "Let us get away from this place." All the way back to Delhi he remained silent, meditating over the barbaric ruthlessness of those vandal times.

Yet there was something in what the old medieval writers signified, when they called the fiery faith of the Arabian Prophet, as they saw it, the Scourge of God. No one can go among the temple shrines of South India, with their licensed *devadasis* and their obscene mural sculpture—witnessing at the same time the caste evil so deeply rooted that a whole human population has become "untouchable"—without realizing that the North of India has been "saved, though as by fire" from many of these ultimate evils.

It is only as we read these pages (to turn to another thought) that we can see in all its true proportions the greatness of the Mogul Empire, with its founder, the Emperor Akbar, who was surely one of the greatest of kings and noblest of men. For among the earlier dynasties, as we read how one king slaughters another and how one bloodthirsty victory is marked by a vengeance exceeding (if it were possible) its predecessor, we have no trace at all of any high endeavor or love of humankind or pity for the souls of men. We think of the Emperor Asoka, with his universal charity toward man and beast, who ruled over the very same realm more than a thousand years before. We go back still farther to Gautama, the Buddha, and recall how his divine compassion spread its saving mission of love and pity over the same lands, and then we wonder how it all could thus have retrograded. For the internal decay had come before the Mohammedan invasions began.

One thing is clear that history with its unerring finger records. The caste basis of ancient Hinduism, which came back full circle after the decay of the creed of the Buddha, led to fatal weakness. It is a miserable spectacle to witness the divided front which was offered a hundred times over to these perpetual Mohammedan invasions, as though the lesson of unity never could possibly be learned in spite of continual disasters. The invading forces were so small. The odds against them, if only some organic unity could have been achieved, were so great. But the result was everywhere the same. There was individual bravery among the Hindu people in abundance. There was often the sheer reckless courage of self-sacrifice. But the whole population was fissured by caste—like a mountain barrier with great chasms dividing it; and the invading host marched through. Time after time this happened, and yet the lesson could never be fully understood.

At a much later period in history we can see how this internal disruption was actually surmounted, when the Hindus who make up the Sikh community, having thrown aside caste altogether, became one united host, winning victory after victory against overwhelming odds, in their turn, against the decadent Moguls. But the secret lay in this one fact, that caste had been abandoned.

In concluding this review an extract may be taken, which gives a picture of the savage times through which this narrative of five hundred years is obliged to wade. It runs as follows:

> The army then set out on its return march to Lakhnawati, where Balban proposed to glut his revenge. On either side of the principal bazaar, a street more than two miles in length, a row of stakes was set up and the family and the adherents of Tughril were impaled on them. None of the beholders had ever seen a sight so terrible and many swooned with terror and disgust. But those who had deserted from the two armies sent against him were reserved for what was designed to be a yet more appalling spectacle at the capital.

We have not the heart any longer to impale living men and women and children today, but still the hideous barbarity of war goes on with unredeemed human misery; and it may be questioned whether the actual horrors of the "economic blockade" at the end of the World War were less tragic in their incidence of suffering than these naked brutalities of bygone days.

C. F. ANDREWS

In the German Manner

Class Reunion. By Franz Werfel. Translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers. Simon and Schuster. $2.

CONTEMPORARY fiction is not so completely international in tone as it is sometimes said to be, and the Germans, in particular, have developed a somber sort of romanticism peculiarly their own. In spite of all the differences between them, Werfel, Wassermann, and Thomas Mann have more in common with one another than they have with the leading novelists of any other nation, and the something which links them together belongs to a time and place. You may attribute the apparent kinship to simple literary influence, or you may, if you prefer, discover in the common element the result of that sense of defeat and guilt which tortured the post-war intellectuals of Germany. But the fact remains that the work of all three of them is colored by a dark and tempestuous mysticism. Their fables are extravagant and violent; their characters are at once gigantic and shadowy. Some spiritual cataclysm is generally their subject, and, fundamentally anti-rational, they are usually concerned with Guilt, Retribution, and Repentance considered as the most fundamentally important of human experiences.

In Mann this mysticism is intellectualized into a metaphysical system; in Wassermann it appears as something very like the Dostoevskian version of Christianity; while in Werfel it is, perhaps, rather more cloudy than in either of the others.

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But though the mood is thus expressed in forms which reveal temperamental variations, each version is as conspicuously like the other as it is conspicuously unlike either the common-sense realism of the established Anglo-American school or the virtuosity of the reigning Frenchmen. A Proust or a Gide may be concerned with a realm of experience quite foreign to, for instance, a Galsworthy; but even a Proust or a Gide lives in a fundamentally rational and quite purely human world. Neither has any tinge of mysticism because neither is, like all three of these Germans, oppressed by the sense that there lies just beyond the reach of their clear perception a universe in which "spirits not themselves" fight the battle over a Good and Evil more important than anything which they can quite understand. We may call Wassermann and Werfel and Mann "romantic" because we have no more exact literary term, but their romanticism has nothing to do with the antiquarianism of a Scott, the slapdash adventurousness of a Dumas, or the erotic sentimentality of a George Sand. Actually what distinguishes them is the primarily ethical and religious character of their imagination. They are oppressed by a Sense of Sin thoroughly mystical and all but theological.

In "Class Reunion" Werfel has written a short tale of great ingenuity and considerable power. It seems that Ernest Sebastian, a magistrate, is called upon to examine a seedy journalist accused of the murder of a prostitute. Something in the name of the man—Adler, Franz—puzzles him, and he studies the face. There can be no doubt about it. Adler, Franz, is the brilliant classmate whom he had hated in the "gymnasium" for his intellectual superiority. Hastily dismissing the prisoner, Sebastian retires in confusion to his home and is overwhelmed in a torrent of guilty memory. In a sort of trance he writes (or thinks he writes) the whole night through, confessing as he has never confessed before, the intricate history of his own meanness. It was he who had first dared laugh at the eccentric Franz and he who had followed up his laughter with the persistent ridicule which finally broke the spirit of the boy and made him a pariah. Step by step, and because of his own cowardly envy, he had ruined a human soul. He remembers the moment when Franz first laughed at himself. "There was more than self-ridicule in it—there was self-annihilation. It was my laugh echoed, the laugh which had ruined him—. A work of annihilation had begun. It was to end twenty-five years later in the detention cell of a prison."

Crushed by his own guilt, by the sense of the meanness which has, in other respects also, ruled his life, Sebastian returns next day to his office and bursts out to the prisoner with a torrent of confession. But Franz Adler looks up bewildered. Actually he is not the same man at all though Sebastian has learned the fact too late. Sebastian is one of the wicked who flee when no man pursueth. Something out of the darkness has struck at last. He can hide from himself no longer. And the moral is enshrined in a phrase from Goethe: "Against the superiority of another there exists no weapon or remedy save love."

"Class Reunion" tells its story in a manner deceptively simple which succeeds, nevertheless, in maintaining a perpetual suspense and in getting the maximum of dramatic effect out of every incident. The whole work is suffused with an atmosphere of hardly definable foreboding and replete with a kind of psychological analysis which is not calm or scientific but extravagant, excited, and portentous. Perhaps there is something a little hysterical about its power, but the power to absorb and hold the attention is indubitably there. Werfel has done nothing else so consistently exciting, and nothing else which communicates more successfully his morbidly romantic sense that the soul is dark and tortuous.

The translation by Whittaker Chambers is excellent.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Leader of the Wobblies

Bill Haywood's Book. An Autobiography. International Publishers. $3.50.

BILL HAYWOOD typified the frontier in the labor movement. Though he was an internationalist and died a refugee in Moscow he was as American as the Rocky Mountains, and so was the I. W. W. with which his name is bound. That vivid left-wing labor movement was copper colored by the West. It was fathered by the Western Federation of Miners, a militant union of dispossessed pioneers who worked for the metal mine corporations when the best free land was gone and prospecting was petering out. Bill Haywood was a pioneer boy, alternately seeking gold in the hills, or homesteading, or working for wages in the mines. He joined the union at Silver City in 1896 and four years later was made general secretary-treasurer.

His book is not careful history. It rambles and misses significant organization detail. But it achieves a certain historical effect by its sharp close-ups of pioneer life and its fragmentary but dramatic narratives of the Rocky Mountain labor wars. Here are the agony and the thrills of American bull-pens, deportations, bankers' mobs, murder, martial law, and miners striking back. Bill Haywood himself, a reckless young giant, plunges with bare fists into a crowd of deputies who had assaulted President Moyer on the streets of Denver.

That early Rocky Mountain union believed in no quarter to employers who granted none. Haywood tells with pride of a strike so suddenly called that a smelter "froze" and stood years after as a monument of metal and slag to the tactics of the federation. Naturally this movement was hostile to the cautious collective bargaining and Civic Federationism of Gompers and Mitchell. So in 1905 the metal miners joined in launching a rival to the American Federation of Labor, after its own heart's desire. Haywood presided at the initial convention of the Industrial Workers of the World in Chicago.

The old man's youth recollections are freshest. The story of his more famous later years is less colorfully told. Boise gave him international celebrity. His acquittal of the charge of murdering ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, the bull-pen governor of the Cœur d'Alenes, remains labor's outstanding victory over the hangman. After that "Big Bill" was always news. His triumphal European and American tours were public events. His expulsion from the Socialist Party as a direct actionist and anti-parliamentarian was of moment to the nation. Editors sharpened their pencils as he cast his fortunes again with the I.W.W., six years after the founding convention. That was the dramatic period of the I.W.W., the era of the labor revolts of Lawrence, Paterson, Little Falls, Louisiana timber, Akron rubber, with Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Joe Ettor, Carlo Tresca, Jim Thompson, and others addressing thousands. Vincent St. John, keenest executive left-wing labor had known, a veteran of the Western Federation, was at the hub as secretary-treasurer till he went back to mining in 1915. Then Haywood succeeded him, holding the post till the war raids sent him to Leavenworth.

It is a pity his history is too exclusively a series of war-front episodes. He misses the subtle forces transforming his organizations. Why did the Western Federation fade? Not merely because Moyer went conservative, but also because the big corporations absorbed the independents who dealt with the union. Why did the I.W.W. finally fail in the industrial centers and become a migratory workers' union? Haywood does not answer, nor does he mention the changes wrought by the rank-and-file job delegate system that lessened the function and the prestige of the orator organizers.

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But we have here the story of Bill Haywood, a pretty frank story in the main. When he admits his addiction to whiskey he is admitting a failing common to labor leaders at a time when much organizing was done in saloons. But it is a failing that most men would hush up. Such an admission is one of the marks of authenticity in his narrative. The sick old man evidently had much help in piecing together his random recollections. But the book is essentially his own. It should live as long as the memory of this significant American figure.

ART SHIELDS

Lobbies

Group Representation Before Congress. By E. Pendleton Herring. Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

IN America the "inherent" right to a voice in lawmaking still means primarily the right of casting a vote for a Congressman. Of all the hoary, political traditions which have survived in full bloom the most persistent is that of government by geographical representation. Even in this late day, with powerful lobbies in operation, it is heresy to question this orthodox, democratic dogma. In the face of functional movements in Europe, of national economic councils, of guild and syndicate ideas, and in the face of what is taking place in Washington today, the citizen here still clings to his eighteenth-century notion of representation. So does our passing generation of political theorists, a fact reflected in the sterility of American political thought.

What the practical American won't admit in theory, however, he follows in practice. The four hundred lobbies in Washington listed in Dr. Herring's book give ample proof of this. Millions of citizens who profess orthodox politics have strayed far from traditional democratic faith, have organized into special groups, and set up lobbies in Washington. Occupational, professional, social, and religious groups today maintain offices at the capital. As pointed out by Dr. Herring Congressmen are no longer accepted as adequate means for representing specific or even general interests. Causes and interests have outgrown local districts, have swept local Congressmen off their pedestals and jammed them into legislative committee rooms where the unorthodox representatives of the people—the lobbyists—can get at them.

Dr. Herring's work, brought out by the Institute for Government Research, is a study of the relationship between legislation and the organized interests, although most of the book is given over to a descriptive account of the outstanding interests which maintain lobbies at the capital. The chapters on lobby methods should prove interesting to the reader. The old back-door tactics have largely given way to open, above-board activities. Today publicity is the stock in trade of the successful lobby. The press, the radio, the cinema, the rostrum, and the pulpit, every medium for reaching the public, is employed by one or another of the organized groups agitating for legislation in the capital. Tons of printed matter are used in creating public sentiment to be directed against stubborn Congressmen. Home constituencies are invaded and often influential men from the home districts are brought before Congressional committees to bolster up the claims of the lobby. The Congressman, in turn, has learned to regard the lobbyist as the official spokesman of an organized group.

The author comes to the conclusion that "with proper safeguards against abuse and deception, associations promise well as a means of meeting the problems of representation that have arisen with the growing complexity of society." In his enthusiasm for economic representation the author may indeed have overestimated the "honesty" of the lobby. It is obvious that in his investigation the "open and above-board tactics" were more accessible than corrupt practices. The swing no doubt is from individual to mass persuasion, with direct bribery and corruption yielding to the more effective method of propaganda.

The chief significance of the work is its emphasis on economic representation as a supplement to Congress. The author is careful not to lean too far toward the guild plan or the *syndicat* with their socialistic implications. He prefers to believe rather that the American problem is not primarily that of capital and labor, but of representation in which the employer and the employee, the consumer and the producer and all the multitudinous interests of our complex society will find expression. What Europe has done by formal legislation, such as the setting-up in Germany of the *Reichswirtschaftsrat,* we have informally accomplished by means of the lobby. The significance of this development has been fully portrayed for the first time in this admirable study.

M. W. ROYSE

Civil War Memories

Personal Recollections of the Civil War. By John Gibbon, Brig.-Gen. U. S. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

DESPITE the fact that this book lacks an index and is quite inadequately edited, it is a striking and valuable addition to the long roll of Civil War narratives by the important army leaders. John Gibbon was a West Pointer, a regular army officer, a loyal North Carolinian, who was one of the best of the division and corps commanders. Its appearance so many years after the death of its author is rather extraordinary. An excellent disciplinarian who enjoyed the confidence of McClellan, Meade, and Grant, General Gibbon commanded at Gettysburg the line at which Pickett's charge was directed but was severely wounded so early in the attack that he saw relatively little of it.

As an old regular General Gibbon stresses in his narrative the heart-breaking ills and losses which followed the control of the armies by civilians in Washington and the appointment of politicians or political soldiers to high positions where their blunders cost untold misery and lives. For this Lincoln bears his share of the responsibility. General Gibbon was an ardent partisan of McClellan, whose final removal from the command after Antietam he felt to be a dreadful injury to the army and the cause. Gibbon was himself constantly in hot water with General Hancock during 1864 and became the center of several of the long series of after-the-war battles in which the surviving generals engaged. He gives an admirable picture of the dreadful slaughter in the Wilderness campaign as a result of General Grant's incessant frontal attacks on Lee's intrenchments. Finally, he was the senior officer of the board to receive the surrender of Lee's army.

Although a West Pointer and somewhat of a martinet, General Gibbon had no illusions as to his own profession. Once having to demote a raw colonel, he tried to let him down gently by pointing out the need of long instruction and experience in leaders.

> Wishing to draw a comparison based on his own experience which would convince him of this, I asked: "Now, Colonel, what was your profession before you came into the army?" To my discomfiture he replied: "I was a butcher." I did not suppose he would name a calling so nearly allied to my own but after a moment's hesitation I rallied. . . .

Today it would be treason for a general to write anything like this.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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A Catholic Poet

A Rime of the Rood. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

IT is a little startling for me, as a non-Catholic, to be obliged to admit that one of the few books of beauty and power I have read in recent years is the poetry of this Catholic mystic.

What does it mean? That the Catholic dogmas of the Triune Creation and the Atonement, which are the chief inspiration and subject matter of Father O'Donnell's poetry, are true? Not at all. "What is truth?" asked Pontius Pilate, being at the moment, probably, as close to the spirit of the Man whose body he surrendered to the high priests as any other of Jesus's contemporaries. The implied answer, of course, is that truth is merely an algebraic variable; poetry, on the other hand, is an organic reality. The New Testament legend of Jesus is poetry. Father O'Donnell, being both a poet and a Catholic priest, accepts this legend. It is safe in his hands; indeed it grows and flowers, nourished by the essentially poetic devotions of all the Christian centuries of Europe.

Perhaps because, from the Catholic point of view, Father O'Donnell is in a state of grace, his book maintains a consistently high level of poetic taste, from which it rises frequently to impressive heights of intense, clear, and beautiful perception. The title poem is too long to quote. It deserves, I think, as secure a place in Catholic anthologies—or in any anthologies of English poetry for that matter—as Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." The volume has so much variety of both form and subject matter that one is puzzled in trying to select a representative quotation. Most of the poems are in short rhymed stanzas: yet Father O'Donnell is too vigorous and sensitive, even too "modern" an artist to be mastered by the limitations of any one form. Here is the second poem in the volume, which is a fair specimen of the sure architectural line that distinguishes Father O'Donnell's experiments with free cadences:

DESIGN FOR A HOUSE

In my love, I would build you a house.
Its north wall will be God.
Its south wall will be God.
East and west you shall be walled with God.
You will need to fear no storms from the north.
Your south wall will be a sunny wall.
Dawn will stand for you, a wall of ivory growing into gold.
Your west wall will be a pearl, on fire.

Walk to the north wall forever, you will not reach it,
You will never stroke with your hands the arras that
streams down the southern side:
Run eastward, infinitely, dawn will be still beyond you,
And you will be footsore indeed before ever your travel
stop at the starred west wall.

In my love I would give you liberty, confining you only in
the Infinite,
I would wall you up in the beauty of God,
In the reach and range of God.

I can think of nothing better I could do for you
Than build you a house, out of my love.

The vitality of the Catholic metaphysical synthesis is indeed amazing. Seemingly Catholicism has resisted the impact of twentieth-century science: yet it has survived unshattered—it has even grown. Meanwhile Protestant fundamentalism has gone down in a shameful welter of ignorance and fear, and Protestant liberalism writhes in a maze of secular rationalization. Will the Church of Rome be able to absorb science, the "False Messiah," into the extraordinary metabolism of a new world synthesis—a proper synthesis of church and state, remember—just as in the past it has absorbed the anthropomorphic rites of countless heathen gods? Probably not. Yet if there are many minds as good as Father O'Donnell's in the church, such speculations are perhaps not wholly absurd.

Father O'Donnell's volume is panoplied with the *nihil obstat* of Arthur J. Scanlon, *censor librorum,* the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Hayes, and the *cum permissu superiorum* of J. W. Donohue, Superior-General, C. S. C. This is in itself impressive. If one waits long enough, I suppose, one may expect the collected works of E. A. Robinson to come out with the *imprimatur* of the Federal Council of Churches in America. . . . Well, why not?

JAMES RORTY

The New Miasmal Mist

Religion. By Edward Scribner Ames. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

DESPITE the excellent and often quoted advice which Jesus gave on the matter of putting new wine in old bottles, even the most radical of religionists usually devote a considerable portion of their time to preserving as many elements as possible of conventional Christian terminology. From Episcopalians who want to recite the Apostles' Creed with their fingers crossed to Unitarians who talk about God and prayer while practicing a humanistic agnosticism, the so-called modernists rationalize in a dozen different ways their habit of saying one thing and meaning another.

Of the various devices for keeping the language while discarding the doctrines of theism, perhaps the most ingenious is that expounded by Professor Ames of the University of Chicago, who maintains that God symbolizes the spirit of the world in the sense that Uncle Sam symbolizes the spirit of this country or Alma Mater symbolizes the spirit of a college. "The term God," he writes, "expresses order and purpose and moral values in the great Reality which we call Life or the World. Reality conceived as friendly, as furnishing support for man's existence and for the realization of ideal ends, is God."

This doctrine proves less than satisfactory to orthodox theologians, who sometimes scoffingly designate it as the Uncle Sam theory of God. It must also, it seems to me, fail to commend itself to most of those who, like Professor Ames, cannot accept conventional theism. Certainly the universe is not wholly unfriendly to men, any more than it is wholly unfriendly to squirrels, for both men and squirrels manage to survive. Nor is it disputable that some ends which some people thought to be ideal have been realized in the past. But there is no apparent reason why we should not also, with equal justice and in practically the same way, conceive of reality as hostile. We might have many gods as easily as one, and we are almost forced to have a devil. Professor Ames cannot eat his cake and have it too: either God is reality, which he seems unwilling to admit, or God is merely an "aspect" of reality, which is to say that he is no God at all.

One balks at Professor Ames's arguments, and yet one cannot fail to sympathize with his attempt to preserve the value of religion to society. The book pleads sincerely for social justice, for a spirit of brotherhood, for the development of the kind of character that will create a better type of civilization. Leave out the theological jargon, and there is little reason to object to the book.

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Mr. Ames apparently feels that his ideal ends can be served only if they are associated with what people have commonly regarded as religious conceptions. To some extent he is right: the notion that atheism and wickedness go hand in hand is still so prevalent that humanism is almost forced to seek some form of smoke-screen. But I believe that the price in muddled thinking is, in the long run, too great to pay even for this useful protection.

If we believe that religious systems of the past grew out of, expressed, and perpetuated certain values which it is essential to preserve, let us make the rigorous effort necessary to separate the sound from the unsound, instead of juggling language. How would it be if the terms God and religion were barred from ethical and philosophical discourse for a period of perhaps twenty years? I make the suggestion seriously and not irreverently. The gain in lucidity of thought and charity of conduct might be tremendous. One would not expect a fundamentalist or even the average modernist to participate in the experiment, but could not Professor Ames be persuaded to lend a hand?

GRANVILLE HICKS

Antiquated Legalism

Studies in International Law and Relations. By A. Pearce Higgins. The Macmillan Company. $5.

WE are here offered by the Whewell Professor of International Law at the University of Cambridge a revised reproduction of lectures, addresses, and magazine articles of the period between 1909 and 1927. The topics discussed include International Relations and International Law, Some Difficulties in International Relations, The Duties of States, The Papacy and International Law, The Monroe Doctrine, The Work of Grotius and of the Modern International Lawyer, and Locarno Treaties. The remaining titles relate to questions of war law, to indulge in a contradictory term, and make up a full half of the work.

It is fair to say that the portion of the book of which we have given the titles represents Professor Higgins's latest and at the same time best thought. His discussion of the Monroe Doctrine is balanced, temperate, and informing and, despite his manifest Conservative Party leanings, his description of the Locarno pacts is useful. Often he stresses the fact that the duties of states rather than their rights should be given emphasis, but we are left with a regret that he has not explained with sufficient fulness what he understands by duties and the fundamental reasons for their existence.

Generally speaking Professor Higgins illustrates in his own person what he regards as "a tendency on the part of writers to follow the beaten track of their predecessors," in considering international law, and he shows that he believes, as he says, that "in many ways this has not been altogether a bad plan." Perhaps as good an illustration as any that he is a follower instead of a leader is shown by his statement that "situations sometimes arise in which the acceptance of peace would be felt by a nation to be an intolerable humiliation, and when a state would have no alternative but war to preserve its legitimate self-respect and dignity." In essence the same language was used by Lord Russell when he refused to arbitrate the Alabama claims on the theory that the honor of England forbade it. Nevertheless England preserved honor through arbitration.

In this statement Professor Higgins not only follows the "beaten track" of his "predecessors" but neglects an analysis of the real situation. For in truth how can the self-respect and dignity of a state be assailed? A state is but a machine for carrying out the interests of its inhabitants, and machines are incapable of giving or receiving insults and possess no self-respect. As well might one in the material world accuse a monotype of insulting a linotype typesetting machine. If instead of "state" Professor Higgins means the people who control or who are represented by the machine then we have to say that his doctrine is not that which society tolerates in its bosom, for dueling is now almost universally rejected and dignity and self-respect have not appreciably suffered because of such rejection. There are today courts to which states or their managers can appeal if in truth they have been injured. There is no use in repeating in 1928 words which were not well founded in right, though more understandable, in 1914.

Unfortunately Professor Higgins appears to live too much in the past. As late as in 1927 he told the University of Illinois that "the principles of naval warfare are in many respects different from those of land warfare." In so saying he ignored the vital difference between principles and practices; the World War demonstrated for, perhaps, the thousandth time that there were no principles pertaining to either land or sea warfare.

In another important respect we venture to suggest that Professor Higgins has erred. He reprints in 1928 an address to the London School of Economics and Political Science in 1914 wherein he reproached Germany for violating treaties and international law in invading Belgium. The reproach was well founded. Today it should be tempered by the knowledge that England and her Allies bought Italy's entrance into the war and imitated at Saloniki the primal German offense against Belgium.

It is also to be regretted that Professor Higgins largely devotes his abilities to a consideration of problems of naval warfare, discussing matters likely to have little or no place in possible future international encounters. To what advantage is it to devote two chapters to Defensively Armed Merchant Vessels in an era of the airplane and bombs?

JACKSON H. RALSTON

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Books in Brief

An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry. Compiled and Edited by Marcus Graham. With an Introduction by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent. First Limited Edition. Active Press. $3.

Mr. Graham is an anarchist, and so has built his very impressive anthology around the idea—or the impulse—of freedom. Thus he includes poems by Shakespeare, Shelley, and Blake that a communist editor might have missed, and thus his book gives a warm and interesting impression of himself. Yet it covers other revolutionary ground, too, and does not hesitate to enter the field of vegetarianism. Altogether it is the best and most copious collection of radical verse so far made. That much of this verse is bad is declared by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent in their introduction not to matter. It does, however, to the extent that bad verse is ineffectual. If the world is to be saved by poetry, let the poetry be good. Otherwise we shall have too long to wait.

The Older Woman in Industry. By Johanna Lobsenz. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

We are beginning to realize the difficulties of the older woman who has no specialized ability to offer the business world and who has lost the very important appeal of youth. There appears to be a definite tendency in business to set up barriers against the older person, whether man or woman, and to make all the presumptions in favor of the young. That this can work genuine hardship to the employee and loss to the employer is undoubted. Mrs. Lobsenz has confined her survey to Manhattan and to a consideration of the woman of thirty-five and over in industry, general office work, selling, and domestic work. She has turned up some exceedingly interesting material, though it is significant of the extraordinarily careless organization of industry that she could get so little exact material on the subject of turnover. Turnover figures appear to be kept generally in an undiscriminated mass that permits no analysis according to sex and age groups. Mrs. Lobsenz contends that the older woman saves industry thousands of dollars because of a lessened tendency to shift jobs. She also shows that the importance of higher insurance rates for older employees is very much less in actual cost than personnel managers sometimes think. She has made a valuable attack upon an important problem, in a field in which she must have encountered many difficulties as an investigator.

The History of Biology. By Erik Nordenskiöld. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

In this day of the new history it is discouraging to find the great need for an analytical history of biology capitalized by a chronological list of Who's Who biographies. Erik Nordenskiöld, as docent in the University of Helsingfors, gave a course of lectures (1916-1917). These he made into a book (1920-1924) which now appears in English. The differences between this book and an encyclopedia of biologists lie in the abandonment of the alphabetical order, in the omission of many distinguished names, and in the presence of connecting paragraphs. The author's interest is clearly philosophical; vitalism versus mechanism is his chief problem. What a man thinks is emphasized more than what he discovers. The circulation of the blood is the only discovery honored with a chapter; and in discussing this work, "the most revolutionary that the development of biology has to show," nothing is said of how this discovery was made nor of why Harvey was the one to inaugurate the science of biology. Yet it is his method of experimentation that is said to mark the epoch and separate ancient from modern. Instead of revealing the grand crescendo of accelerating penetration into the ways of life, we are given the wraith of philosophical juggling which sways futilely hither and yon through the centuries with no consciousness of the enormous advances and activity that characterize the present. The biographies have been selected and brought together with scholarly dignity and laborious care.

The Strange Adventure. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Mrs. Rinehart has written the story of an intelligent, sensitive girl born in the days when women wore corsets mentally and physically. Being the daughter of an American aristocrat and a vaudeville artiste, she is aware subconsciously of her tight lacing. Her husband is unworthy of her, and she refuses escape with her peer, because that would entail the loss of her only son. She loses the son imaginatively in the last war and actually in a wife. "The Strange Adventure" is her life. If it really was tragic, Mrs. Rinehart fails to be convincing. The book has all the qualities of a Victorian drawing-room. It is full of knick-knacks and what-nots, and the furniture is plush. Those who like plush can sink in it comfortably.

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International Relations Section

The Manchurian Crisis

THE present struggle between Russia and China for control of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Northern Manchuria involves many difficult points of international law which can be understood only in the light of the agreements made between the two governments in 1924. Russia and China, on May 31, 1924, signed a preliminary agreement on general principles for the settlement of disputes and stipulated that a conference should be held within one month to carry out detailed arrangements. The clauses concerning the Chinese Eastern Railway in the preliminary agreement are as follows:

1. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties declare that the Chinese Eastern Railway is a purely commercial enterprise.

The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually declare that with the exception of matters pertaining to the business operations which are under the direct control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, all other matters affecting the rights of the National and the Local Governments of the Republic of China—such as judicial matters, matters relating to civil administration, military administration, police, municipal government, taxation, and landed property (with the exception of lands required by the said railway)—shall be administered by the Chinese Authorities.

2. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to the redemption by the Government of the Republic of China, with Chinese capital, of the Chinese Eastern Railway, as well as all appurtenant properties, and to the transfer to China of all shares and bonds of the said Railway.

3. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties shall settle at the Conference as provided in Article II of the present Agreement the amount and conditions governing the redemption as well as the procedure for the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

4. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to be responsible for the entire claims of the shareholders, bondholders, and creditors of the Chinese Eastern Railway incurred prior to the Revolution of March 9, 1917.

5. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually agree that the future of the Chinese Eastern Railway shall be determined by the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, to the exclusion of any third party or parties.

6. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties agree to draw up an arrangement for the provisional management of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

7. Until the various questions relating to the Chinese Eastern Railway are settled at the Conference as provided in Article II of the present Agreement, the rights of the two governments arising out of the Contract of August 27-September 8, 1896, for the Construction and Operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which do not conflict with the present agreement and the Agreement for the Provisional Management of the said Railway and which do not prejudice China's rights of sovereignty, shall be maintained.

One clause in this general agreement is now being cited by the Chinese to justify their claim that Russia has broken the treaty:

ARTICLE VI. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually pledge themselves not to permit, within their respective territories, the existence and/or activities of any organizations or groups whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the Governments of either Contracting Party.

The Governments of the two Contracting Parties further pledge themselves not to engage in propaganda directed against the political and social systems of either Contracting Party.

In accordance with this treaty an agreement was made for the provisional management of the Chinese Eastern Railway which contained the following main provisions:

ARTICLE I. The Railway shall establish, for discussion and decision of all matters relative to the Chinese Eastern Railway, a Board of Directors to be composed of ten persons, of whom five shall be appointed by the Government of the Republic of China and five by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. II. The Railway shall establish a Board of Auditors to be composed of five persons, namely, two Chinese Auditors who shall be appointed by the Government of the Republic of China, and three Russian Auditors who shall be appointed by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. III. The Railway shall have a Manager who shall be a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and two Assistant Managers, one to be a national of the Republic of China and the other to be a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. IV. The Chiefs and Assistant Chiefs of the various Departments of the Railway shall be appointed by the Board of Directors.

If the Chief of Department is a national of the Republic of China, the Assistant Chief of Department shall be a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and if the Chief of Department is a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the Assistant Chief of Department shall be a national of the Republic of China.

ART. V. The employment of persons in the various departments of the Railway shall be in accordance with the principle of equal representation between the nationals of the Republic of China and those of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. VI. With the exception of the estimates and budgets, as provided in Article VII of the present Agreement, all other matters on which the Board of Directors cannot reach an agreement shall be referred for settlement to the Governments of the Contracting Parties.

ART. VII. The Board of Directors shall present the estimates and budgets of the Railway to a joint meeting of the Board of Directors and the Board of Auditors for consideration and approval.

ART. VIII. All the net profits of the Railway shall be held by the Board of Directors and shall not be used pending a final settlement of the question of the present Railway.

ART. IX. The Board of Directors shall revise as soon as possible the statutes of the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, approved on December 4, 1896, by the Czarist Government, in accordance with the present Agreement and the Agreement on General Principles for the Settlement of the Questions between the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of May 31, 1924, and in any case, not later than six months from the date of the constitution of the Board of Directors.

ART. X. The present Agreement shall cease to have effect as soon as the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway is finally settled at the Conference as provided in Article II of the Agreement on General Principles for the Settlement of the Questions between the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of May 31, 1924.

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Contributors to This Issue

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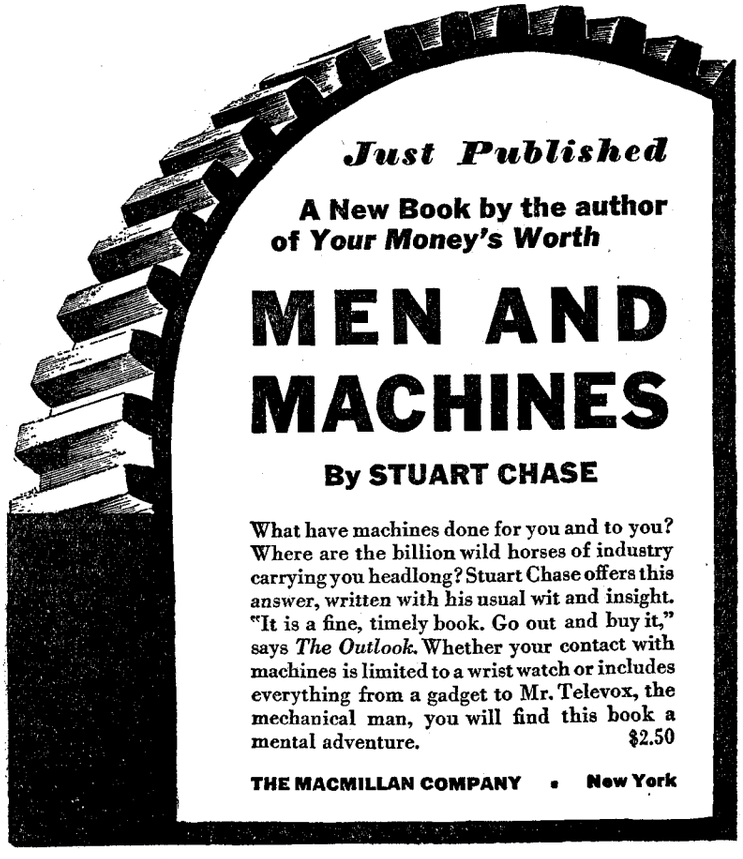
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